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A decorative flourish featuring two winged figures, possibly cherubs or angels, holding a garland of flowers. The figures are positioned at the top corners, facing each other, with their wings spread. They are holding a long, flowing garland of various flowers and leaves that arches across the center of the page. The style is reminiscent of traditional woodcut or engraved book ornamentation.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Dedication:—

God speed thee, Class of Houghty-Six!
Accept this tribute true.
You gave us your hand in fellowship,
And here is ours to you.



Bless the men of San Francisco!
And their fight for what is right;
May they work along rejoicing,
For they know that right makes might.

And the women—they need blessing,
For they, too, have had their share;
And had troubles piled unceasing
On their usual work¹ of care.

And bless us kids for what we render
To the ups and downs of life;
For we've surely had our troubles
In the recent Carmen's strife.

Now "The Tiger" needs some blessing,
For good to the human race;
And we hope he'll keep a-marching
To that "On-to-Victory" pace!

J W. French, '07.

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THE TIGER

CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF MECHANICAL ARTS

VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1906

No. 1

A Mistaken Identity

"Say, Deac., this is great."

"What, this fire place?"

"No; this idea I've got; now cut out your jokes for a minute and listen to this ad. I just found in the '*Ledger*.'"

YOUNG lady of 20, and fairly good looking, would like to correspond with a young man of about the same age with a view to matrimony; will exchange photographs. Send reply to MISS MERLE HELEN MISPLY, Box 232, Ledger.

"Well, I don't see where the wonderful part comes in. There's nothing unusual in that ad."

"If you will let me talk a minute, maybe you will. What I propose is that we answer it."

"Answer it yourself; I don't want to get married."

"Neither do I, crazy, but we'll answer it under an assumed name and have some fun."

"Well, that alters the case a little; I'll tell you what I will do. I'll furnish the stamps and mail the letters if you will write them. Start in now and have your letter ready by the time I finish this problem."

The two speakers were Ted Thornton and Frank Lawrence, room-mates at "Hylland" college. Frank's slight girlish form, combined with his long, sober face and dry wit, had long ago earned him the name of "Deacon," while Ted's numerous pranks and scrapes served to keep the stern eye of the faculty forever glued upon him.

"How does this sound, Deac.?" asked Ted a few minutes later, flourishing a barely dried manuscript on which, in a bold masculine hand, was inscribed the following:

Box 232, Ledger,

Miss Merle H. Mispily:

In looking over the matrimonial column of the "*Ledger*," I noticed your ad. and it seems to attract me above all the others. I have long been looking for a help-mate and something seems to tell me that in you I will find my affinity. I am twenty-three years old and have a good position. My habits are steady and temperate, and I feel that, should you find my suit favorable, I will be able to make you perfectly happy. From the enclosed photograph you can get an idea of my general appearance. Hoping that I will find favor in your eyes, I am

Yours sincerely,

George A. Winton.

"She wants a picture, so I'll send this one. It is a photo of Shelly, who went north last year, and about fits that flowing description. Now, don't forget to mail it." So saying, Ted threw his hat at the back of his head and departed for the tennis courts.

A few days later Ted rushed into the room exclaiming breathlessly, "I've got it, Deac.!"

"What, the measles or chicken pox?"

queried that individual, edging toward the door.

"Neither, so stay where you are. It's only an answer to that letter. She really thinks she could learn to love me, and she wants an immediate answer. Here is her picture. Say! it's a stunner."

"Why, it isn't so bad," replied Frank with renewed interest. "Be careful what you write and I'll be best man, that is, if you will let me kiss the bride."

"Well, as it will be about the only bride you will ever get a chance to kiss, I'll do it," retaliated Ted, drawing his chair up to the desk, where he was soon deep in a reply to the letter he had just received.

"What on earth is the matter now?" asked Frank, one afternoon about a month later, as Ted came into the room looking about as dejected as it is possible for any one to appear. "You look as if you had just seen your mark for the last ex. or something worse, if such a thing is possible."

"Well, it is worse. She is coming to-night."

"Who's coming, Queen Victoria?"

"No! it's not Queen Victoria, you idiot," returned the thoroughly exasperated Ted. "It's Merle Helen Mispby; now do you understand?"

"Well, what are you mad about? I thought a person was generally happy at the thought of meeting his fiancee."

"Say, Deac., cut out your nonsense; this is serious. Here is a letter I just received and she says she will be here on the evening train today, and it is too late to stop her now. If I had gone for the mail yesterday I could have telegraphed and stopped her, but it is too late now. I never expected she would do that. I thought I would write for a while and when she began to suggest a visit, I would quit, but here, without a word of warning, she announces that she will be here on Friday, and that is today. Of course, she don't

know who to blame, but I feel kind of fierce just the same."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" and Frank's face took on a look even a shade more sober than the one that was usually there.

"I'll tell you, Deac.: she don't know either of us, so we will go down to the station and see what she does. If she faints or has a fit when she finds she has been deceived, we will be there to catch her and send her to a hotel; then we can send her the money to pay for her expenses and railroad fare. It will cost a little, but I guess the governor will dig up if he don't know what it's for; and besides, it is the only thing that can be done."

Notwithstanding his careless manner, Ted had a soft heart, and the thought of the trouble he had brought about caused him no little worry. He tried to console himself by thinking of the apologetic letter he was going to send to the young lady, together with a check to defray her expenses. The thought even entered his head to make a clean breast of it when he first saw her, but on reconsidering, he decided to send his letter anonymously, if he found it necessary to send one.

That evening Frank had a raging headache and did not feel that the mile walk to the station would in any way improve it, so Ted, after much protesting was forced to go by himself. He had his doubts about Frank's headache, but on making these known, the "Deacon" pointed out to him that as he had taken no part in writing the letters he had nothing to fear, so his argument finally prevailed.

When Ted reached the station the platform was deserted. As a rule, only the inmates of the college stopped here, but to-night it seemed unusually quiet. He had waited for about fifteen minutes, and was just beginning to think she had decided not to come, when he saw coming around the corner of the building a lady dressed in

black, with a heavy veil which completely concealed her features. She came directly toward Ted and when within a few feet of him, exclaimed:

"O George! I was afraid you would not come."

"I fear you have made a mistake, madam," replied Ted, trying to look calm, notwithstanding the fact that the hair on the back of his head was rapidly assuming a perpendicular position.

"What do you mean? You are Mr. George Winton, are you not?"

"I tell you, madam, you have made a mistake. I am not George Winton or George anybody else, and furthermore, I never heard of such a person."

"Then explain this photograph," replied the lady, with utmost composure, and she held out to Ted's astonished gaze, not the photograph he had sent, but an exact likeness of himself.

To say he was surprised would be putting it mildly. He was speechless for the moment. Then it began slowly to dawn on him. Frank had done it. He had changed Shelley's picture for one Ted had in his trunk, taken during vacation. No wonder he didn't want to come to the train. If thoughts could kill, it is safe to say that Frank's earthly career would have been brought to a rather sudden termination.

"Where did you get that picture?" he finally managed to stammer.

"Where did I get it? You know perfectly well where I got it, and I tell you right now that if you try any tricks on me I will turn you over to the authorities."

"But, madam," cried Ted, making one last effort to draw himself from the coils which were rapidly tightening around him: "I never sent you that picture, and you, as well as I, are the victim of some joker."

"What! deceived! O! it cannot be possible," and before Ted had an inkling of what she was going to do, she threw herself in his arms.

Ted grabbed her and tried to place her on her feet. As he did so, he caught his cuff button in her veil, tearing it end from end. He looked at her face for a moment, then his looks changed from misery and despair to bewilderment, and then rapidly to anger. Dropping the lady in a very rough and discourteous manner, he proceeded to rain one kick after another upon her prostrate form. This seemed to revive her, for she quickly jumped to her feet, and the masculine head of the "Deacon" protruded from the bonnet, his face no longer sober, but now convulsed with laughter.

C. B. Allsopp, '07.

"Over The Tea-Cups"

"Almighty fine young fellow," said Colonel Dinan, as he tilted back in his chair and placed his puttees on the edge of the polished mahogany table of the Army and Navy Club in Manila. "He'll be Governor-General yet, if something don't happen."

The Colonel clapped his hands for the waiter, and when his Tansan and Osaka had been brought, he said: "Will you take

a little Shandygat or some Scotch and seltzer, Inspector?"

He was a short, dark man, very broad, and very brown, with a big, deep-lined face that told of life in the open and a greater familiarity with camps than barracks. As he ladled out a brimming glass of black Japanese beer and mineral water, three other men entered and seated themselves

at the table, calling for drinks as they did so.

"*Buenas tardes, Señors. Bebo a la salud de Ustedes.*"

"I was just speaking of young Pickering, Isaiah Pickering. You know him, Major; the second lieutenant who had charge of the constabulary post of Binalbagan down in Panay. He was a tall, raw-boned New Englander, about six feet four and weighed about a hundred and sixty. When he first arrived in charge of a consignment of mules on the "Dix", he was the greenest thing that ever came over the pike. All his possessions were in an oil cloth grip. He hadn't been here three days when he appeared at the constabulary headquarters for a job as an officer. He said he had served in the 'Sons of Temperance Drill Corps' of West Newberry Center and in the National Guard of Vermont. That was all the experience he had ever had, but in a few weeks he was considered good enough to take a post. The requirements were few, and a man was a man in those days.

"Well, sir, they put him up at Binalbagan. Have you ever been there? I was there once on a tour of inspection. It is now a pretty fair-to-middling place, with a school and hospital; but then the principal population consisted of a *presidente*, a *vice-presidente*, their families, three chickens and a pig. The post consisted of a sort of block-house of logs, with a stockade of the same, backed with mud around it. On the center of the roof of the block-house was a sort of belfry, with a nipa roof, but open at the sides. There were curtains that rolled down to protect the Gatling inside, which was the chief protection of the town. Inside the walls were the quarters of the men and a separate shack for the commander."

"A whisky skin, muchacho. Thank you. Your ante, Chief, I think."

"Well, sir, when Pickering arrived the

place was pretty bad off. The district was hot and full of ladrones as a stirred-up hornets' nest. He licked his thirty devils into some sort of shape and had them so they knew which end of a Krag went off. They were in a fair way to become civilized when one night, in the middle of a pouring rain, came a constabulary man, dashing upon a lathering horse to say that some ladrones had gathered a gang of several hundred Visayans together and had raided Taguluan, the next post, some thirty miles away. He had barely time to escape for help when the fort was attacked. Taguluan did not have any machine guns and was not well protected.

"Pickering got his Gatling down from its turret, and, mounting it in a bull cart, he started to the aid of Taguluan. He requisitioned fresh *caribao* from the natives as he passed every three miles and so made pretty good time—for Panay—and by dawn was within a few miles of the town. As soon as he could hear the firing he turned the cart around and made the Googies push it before them. Then he put two men in the cart to operate the gun and rushed to the rescue.

"You all know how Taguluan is situated. In a valley with hills on each side. Fool place for a fort anyhow. If the ladrones had a few Hotchkisses or field guns they could shoot right into the place. The road from Binalbagan leads over the hill and zig zags down to the fort.

"Well, sir, Pickering came over the edge of the hill and started down. The men with the Gatling got busy and they tore the town most to pieces and scattered the ladrones to the deep snow. Just before you get into the place there is about a hundred yards of hill, steep as the price of ice before the ice works were made. The cart was going pretty average when it came to the steep place, and by the time it got half way down it was going to four aces and a king. Pickering yelled to the

charioteers to stop, but they could hardly keep up with the old thing. After almost all of them had fallen down, the cart reached the bottom, hit a *caribao* asleep in the mud, and turned a flip-flop, falling into a bull wallow on top of the gun. It took the captain and all the garrison of Taguluan to prevent the massacre of the entire command.

"They dug the gun out, put it in the cart and started home, feeling like a stale egg—bad as bad could be. They had reason to be blue. That was the beginning of trouble.

"Pickering had the head to keep the thing quiet and let on that the gun was all right. He pulled down the curtains of the tower and boxed up the gun. He put a big red label

EXPLOSIVES
HANDLE CAREFULLY
DO NOT OPEN

on it and shipped it away to Manila to be repaired.

"You will remember, gentlemen, that the attack on Taguluan was the first blow of the uprising of Polak Baao. It was the most troublesome affair the constabulary ever dealt with and that Binalbagan district was the hot place in the middle of the popper. It was nearly a year before Baao was killed and his band went to pieces.

"The Gatling had not gone more than half way to Esecalante, the embarking place for Manila, when the *cargadore*, becoming curious, raised the lid of the box, expecting to find canned goods or ammunition and looked in. He was a sympathizer of Baao's, but he was afraid to deliver the gun.

"So Polak Baao knew of the gun's departure in a few hours, and planned a grand attack on the little fort. His men were armed with Mausers and there were more than three hundred of them. It would have been a pipe for them to take the place, defended by only thirty men. It was safe so long as the Gatling was there, because Baao was afraid to fight machine-guns or quick-fires.

"As luck would have it, Pickering's *muchacho's* father's second cousin by marriage was a fifth lieutenant of Baao's. So the *muchacho* had a dead straight tip. He squeaked to Pickering on condition the *teniente* should send him to the Church School at San Sebastian in Manila. So when Baao's men came creeping out of the grass in the early dawn they found the curtains rolled up and the Gatling ready for them to step up and take a dish. At the same time the garrison let out a volley and old Polak Baao and his men hit the high places to get home.

"Pickering laughed as he saw them go, and then went up and after rolling down the curtains, he removed an old green umbrella with the handle sawed off from under the Gatling's canvas cover. The ribs were partly extended and made a very fair Gatling when the canvas hood was drawn tightly over it.

"Gentlemen, as I said before, he is a mighty fine young fellow, and if something don't happen, he'll be Governor-General yet. I will take off my hat to the man who can scare away a gang of those infernal Pulajanes with a green umbrella.

"Do you take yours straight or with soda, Chief? Well, say 'when' then."

Stuart G. Wilder, '08.



Impressions of the Grand Canyon

Taken as a vast, endless, gorge, with high and seemingly unscalable walls and cliffs, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado is every inch its name. It is truly grand in its mysterious enormity. So grand, in fact, that the average tourist can far from realize the extent of the miles and miles of rock and granite.

The first glimpse of the gorge one gets upon entering it through a gap in the trees. As our train pulls up the heavy grade the conductor announces to the passengers that they can see the canyon by looking to the left. Only a fleeting glance is obtained, but from that you imagine the opposite rim to be only a gunshot from the track. With this impression you go on to the hotel. The view you get from there makes you hold tight to your chair and catch your breath.

Not twenty feet from where you are the wall is sheer for some two hundred feet. From there the canyon stretches off for thirteen miles. Thirteen miles of nature's handiwork to the opposite side.

Mark Twain said, upon viewing the canyon, "it is a great success as a hole." In those few words he expressed what could be written up into pages. After a most elaborate description a writer would have to admit that the chasm is fundamentally nothing more than a hole.

Unlike Yosemite, The Yellowstone, or even Niagara, it has only the one attraction, its size. Its size; and, if you were fortunate enough to visit the canyon in fine weather, the coloring of the rocks that form the walls on either side. From what is said of this particular attraction and from what can be found in magazines, it must be very beautiful to say the least, but as

far as personal impressions go, all I can say is that on a dull day the looks of the rocks do not at all prove the things written about them. There are no falls to relieve the monotony of a continuous panorama of peaks, points and smaller valleys; no geysers to make it pleasant for the tramping. The main point of interest is the river, the famous old Colorado, which has for years been eroding and tearing down the rock formation along its course. The river is the one objective of the tourist—and that at a distance of seven miles by steep and winding trail. In that seven miles there is a drop of six thousand feet in altitude. This shows somewhat the angle of the trail.

Again, unlike other of our famous wonders, the river, instead of being a clear, pure stream as the Merced in Yosemite, is black and muddy and is rather repulsive than attractive. Flowing along as it does, very swiftly and so murky and dark, it gives one the creeps. There seems to be some hidden mystery beneath the surface of its turbulent waters and you are glad to be back again in the sunshine of the top. Way down in the midst of those rocks the sun seldom finds its way. From the floor of the valley you can see it. Someone has named the wonder "Titan of Chasms," and Titan it truly is. For thirteen miles in one direction and two hundred and seventeen in the other, the walls and cliffs stretch out in solemn array. They are grand, but not beautiful, and wonderful without being magnificent, and altogether it strikes you as being one of the freaks of nature that cannot be understood without much reading and study.

Laurence B. Morton, '07.



The Mathematical Man

They both loved Helen. There was no doubt about that. At the end of every vacation they spent the last evening together at her house, each watching jealously lest the other should steal a march in the way of a tender farewell passage. The next morning the same train bore them as far as Crawford Junction, where Fred Lyons took the C. R. R. for Oberon, while Willie Bonner kept on to Windor, where he was a Junior at Sparks University.

And which did Helen favor?

Willie Bonner, gazing out of the car window, reflected bitterly that of late Helen seemed more and more partial to Fred and listened more eagerly to Fred's tales of college athletics than to the higher subjects with which he tried to interest her. Fred was captain of the Oberon football team and Helen had promised to attend the annual Thanksgiving Day game between Sparks and Oberon.

What had Willie to commend himself to a young lady?

Nothing but a phenomenal head of figures, a reputation as a prize-winner in mathematics, something by which a living as an "engineer" might be obtained, to be sure, but wholly useless to inspire tender emotions.

Willie looked down at his slight figure and slim white hands with a despairing smile:

"Not much good on a football field, but I might as well be killed on the gridiron as pine away by slow degrees for her."

The football captain at Sparks laughed aloud when Willie Bonner's name appeared on the list as a candidate for the varsity. "Why, man," he said, "they'll make mincemeat of you in a second; better go back to your figgers, Old Math!"

But Willie was not to be so eagerly refused. Two weeks' conscientious work in the gym had hardened his long unused

muscles more than he believed possible and he really was not unfit to play.

So when the squad turned out for practice Willie went with them, though he had a somewhat dim and hazy idea of the rules. But the quarter-back of the second eleven gave him some idea on the ordinary system of signals.

So the next afternoon, when they turned out for practice, Willie listened for awhile to the signals shouted by the opposing quarter, "5-3-7," "4-11-44," "5-4-3-2-1."

Suddenly the key to the combination seemed to flash across his mind and he knew where the play was going.

"69-72-45."

Yes, there he goes around the left end.

"45-96-82."

That was surely over left tackle and from his position at right end the mathematician moved up behind the tackle and as the opposing half-back tore through the hole opened by the line men, Willie threw his arms around the runner's neck and they came down, Willie on the bottom, amid the cries of: "Good boy, Willie!" "Foul! Foul!" and "Get him around the knees next time Old Math!"

Willie saw stars and thought it was "23" for him, but he staggered to his feet.

"89-77-46," and Willie clasped the knees of the full-back as he plunged over center.

"Second eleven's ball," shouted the referee.

The ball was passed to Willie, who started blindly for his own goal, making a safety amid wild laughter and cheer. But his work on defensive was very good, so his blunder was forgotten.

But his great triumph came when Yale visited the campus and he was placed on the first team. Even the mighty Main could not gain when Willie had solved the secret of the signals nor could Johns or Miller run the ends with this demon player

always in the road. By this time the Sparks team had grown accustomed to watching the position taken by Willie and to change to that point. The score was 0-0, and after that game Willie was elected captain.

At last the great Thanksgiving Day had come and Helen was sitting in the grandstand wearing a cardinal chrysanthemum and carrying a huge bunch of blue violets.

Willie and Fred, captains of the opposing teams, knew that the one that starred should find favor with her.

The referee's whistle blew and the ball sailed to Oberon's fifteen-yard line. And as they lined up Willie listened intently for Oberon's first signal, but no signal came.

With a rush the Oberon half-back had gone around Willie's end for thirty yards. And still, without a signal, Oberon bucked through Spark's line to their first touchdown:

Fred, Oberon's captain, had seen the Spark-Yale game and had guessed the secret of Willie's success, and had the Oberon eleven learn a series of plays without signals.

Again and again the silent mass bore down the field toward Spark's goal with Willie plunging here and there, always in the wrong hole. His men, used to following him, rushed wherever he went, so left big holes for Oberon to go through. Willie was carried off the field exhausted during the second half, leaving a totally disorganized team behind him.

The final score was 160-0 in favor of Oberon.

And whom did Helen choose?

Why, the middle-aged admirer, who paid out of his large, fat salary for the bunch of blue violets and the cardinal chrysanthemum she wore during the game.

C. L. Golcher, '07.

Sunset from a Cliff

A beautiful day has all but fled,
 Nature her usual toil has done,
 And the lingering clouds of the skies o'er
 head
 Are lit with the last of a red, red sun.

The running waves of the sea below
 Catch the fleeting rays of passing day:
 And flash them back with intensified glow
 Of sparkling light on the great cliffs'
 gray.

Nature fulfilling her regular story,
 Slips another day into its sheath,
 As the sun, with one great burst of glory,
 Drops through clouds to the sea beneath.

R. Weber, '08.

The Wave Motor.

There have been many attempts in this country and others to harness the waves to machinery. In 1905 a man named Armstrong invented a wave motor, which supplied salt water to sprinkle the streets and roads of Santa Cruz. But it is different in construction from the one about to be described.

The building in which the power is made is constructed above the water on piles, and out a distance from the shore. Under this building is moored the float, the main source of transmitting the power.

The point most difficult to be overcome is the arrangement of the float. It is merely a barge floating on the surface of the water. It is moored on all sides so as to give it freedom to rise and fall with the swells of the water, but it cannot drift away. Allowances have to be made for storms and very high tides, because the float will be lifted much higher than any usual tide would lift it, and the bars attached to it will reach much higher during the upward stroke. Consequently, much more space will be required for them to work in.

These bars are attached at regular intervals on the top of the float, and extend up through and above the floor of the building. They are some twenty feet in length, each bar or frame comprising two rails extending parallel to each other about one and one-half feet apart. In between these rails, two cables are securely fastened to the cross pieces holding the rails apart. These cables are wound a number of times around a series of drums, which turn always in the same direction. One of the cables acts on the upward stroke, the other acts on the downward stroke. When the float is lifted by a swell of the water, the

bars are forced up and the cables, acting on the upward stroke, turn the drums. When the water has receded, the drums again revolve in the same direction by the action of the cables on the downward stroke. And so as the water rises and falls, the drums are kept revolving.

These drums have attached to them pistons which work back and forth in cylinders, and as they work, air is compressed in the cylinders. This air is lead off from the cylinder to huge iron tanks, where it is kept for use.

The power from this compressed air is used to run the dynamos, which make the electricity.

After all the feed wires leading to the different points of consumption are in place and the machinery running successfully, there can be little expense, except that necessary to keep the machinery in repair. The electricity can be distributed to the different mills, machine shops, factories, etc., where power is needed all the time.

There may be objections toward the ways of generating the power, because of it having so many different processes to be gone through. And there is also a great deal of lost power by so many different processes, and also by the transmission of the electricity through the wires to points a distance away. But improvements may overcome all these difficulties.

At present, according to some people, this plan of generating power appeals practically. At any rate the ocean has plenty of power and if it can be turned into some kind of artificial power, it seems probable that it would be cheaper than the power-houses operated by steam-driven machinery.

P. B. Morgan, '10.

A Cruise on Puget Sound.

After weeks of busy preparation our new sloop was ready for the start with everything aboard. We shook hands with our friends gathered at the boat house and clambered over the side. The sail rattled aloft and we began to move. In a short time we were clear of the busy part of the harbor. Bob pointed the nose of the "Sally" for Bean Point and we began to skip over the water at a merry rate, soon losing sight of our little knot of friends gathered at the dock.

It was some time before one of the three in the boat spoke. Finally Bob broke the silence by thumping me and shouting, "Wake up fellows, you're off for the time of your lives. Don't get dozey."

It didn't take long to convince him that we were awake. A yell that would have deafened a Piute and a couple of shots from Ted's revolver showed our condition of mind.

Our cruise went on in an uneventful manner with nothing of special interest for a couple of days. We fished, picked wild blackberries, swam to our heart's content, and ate enough to feed a section gang.

On the third morning Bob went ashore for a pail of water from the river near by.

The smell of bacon, or perhaps the crop of wild blackberries, had called a bear down to the river bank. He came out close behind Bob. This fact was evident from the haste with which Bob dropped the pail and started for the head waters of the river.

First he tried dodging about on the bar, but as the bear warmed to the game Bob became excited and with one grand howl struck out. The last I saw of the race was a white yacht cap dodging uncertainly in the faint morning light, breaking all records for the mile, around a bend in the river; hope he didn't run that bear to death.

After many minutes of anxious waiting on our part, Bob appeared walking leisurely down the bank. The only effect of his exercise that we could discover was that he ate more breakfast than either of us.

Our next adventure of note was about a week later. We had anchored for the night and Ted by way of amusement jumped into the canoe and paddled off, saying that he was going to discover the source of the smoke that we had noticed ascending over the cedars from around a point about half a mile ahead.

Bob and I were busy with supper and took little further notice of Ted. Finally I happened to glance in the direction in which he had gone. He was coming toward the sloop at a great rate, the canoe fairly leaping over the water. As soon as we could see the expression on his face we knew that something was wrong. When he was close enough to be heard in a moderate voice he exclaimed, "We've got bad neighbors. There is a shack down there and a big launch alongside. The name of the launch is the "Black Pup."

At the words "Black Pup" Bob and I jumped a foot, for we knew that less than a mile away was the camp of the most desperate gang engaged in smuggling "chinks" (Chinamen) and "dope" (opium) across from Canada. Instantly my mind was filled with the numerous accounts of unsuccessful attempts by the swift government boats to capture the notorious "Black Pup" with contraband cargoes.

"Well," said Bob, "we have nothing to do but eat and then stow everything away as snugly as possible. The wind has gone down and we can't move."

We accordingly ate as much as we could in our uneasy state and tided our little craft. This done we sat down to talk it over.

As we talked, a skiff appeared from behind the point, went out a short distance, and then slowly returned to the shanty. It was plain that they were sizing us up. The only motive for an attack that we could think of was to get possession of our cherished sloop.

The only firearms were Ted's revolver and a rather large brass cannon, that my father had given us for use as a saluting gun and as an ornament to the boat. We got all of the cartridges for the revolver handy and after a lot of thinking we loaded the cannon up and placed on top of the charge a large bunch of nails wrapped in canvas.

By this time it was rather late and we decided to stand watch, but as none of us could sleep we sat on the deck together, a rather melancholy group.

The hours rolled by and we began to think that we had been foolishly frightened. Suddenly Bob squeezed my arm. I listened and caught the faint click of oarlocks. It wasn't long before we could make out off the port quarter the same skiff that we had seen earlier in the evening.

"Ahoy, there!" shouted Ted, but no answer was forthcoming.

"You have come close enough," he added. Still no answer.

"Let them have a shot," I whispered.

Ted fired, but the shot struck the water with a harmless splash. He followed it with another with the same success.

"Better be kerful with yer pop-gun there. You might bother the fish," came gruffly from the skiff.

"'Pop-gun,'" muttered Bob, "we'll see what you think of this." He aimed the cannon carefully at the boat and jerked the lanyard. There was a roar and our little man-of-war trembled. There was a crash and a howl of mingled surprise and disgust.

The charge had struck squarely amidships and the three men were soon in the water swimming for the shore. The distance was not great and they soon reached it. We never heard so much as a word from them the rest of the night.

In the morning, with a fair breeze, we tacked out of the cove.

Our first inclination was to head for home; partly to tell of our adventure, and partly to prevent any more such events. However we concluded that we would be laughed at for being "scared into running home," so we finished our cruise with all the pleasure that we had planned.

Ralph Ensign, '08



Taming the Mountain Stream

In the days of our forefathers the application of water-power was generally confined to the operation of sawmills, and small factories.

We all remember "The wide-spreading pond and the mill that stood by it," for the mill of those days was built close to the pond whence it received its motive power. This was owing to the nature of the large wooden water-wheels of that time which could not utilize to any great extent the fall of water from a considerable height, but depended on a rush of a large volume of water which generated but small power for the amount of water required.

The modern practice is to locate the dam or source of supply on a much higher level than the power plant. The water is conveyed by strong steel pipes to the point where its pressure is utilized. That so many of the mountain streams of California have been harnessed to the wheels of industry is due to the success attained by the electrical engineer in designing generators and transformers that transmit high tension currents over long distance lines with small loss. Let us pay a short visit to one of California's mountain power houses, which, though small, is of the same type as the larger centers of energy.

About twenty miles on the coast road north from the city of Santa Cruz we meet two creeks running westward that have important bearing on the industries of the surrounding country. Leaving the main road we trace a stream east up the picturesque canyon of the Big Creek at whose head is located the Big Creek Power Company's plant. We climb the mountainous

district to the left and locate the source of that power which the cunning hand of man has here so completely conquered.

After much toilsome climbing we reach the point where the waters of the Big Creek are impounded, forming a pond extending over six acres. Two wooden flumes conduct the waters for over two miles to a reservoir near the power house. A steel pipe about nineteen hundred feet long and sixteen inches in diameter at the upper end and reduced to a nozzle of about three inches at the lower, conveys the water from the reservoir with a fall of nine hundred feet to the Pelton water wheels.

The power house is a neat construction of corrugated iron over a steel frame.

Within we find two Pelton water wheels set in parallel and propelled by the great force of water that strikes them.

Directly connected to these are two Westinghouse dynamos that generate an alternating two-phase current at eleven hundred volts. One set of step-up transformers changes the current to eleven thousand volts, at which tension it is transmitted to Santa Cruz, distant (by power line) seventeen and one-third miles; to Ben Lomond, twenty miles away and to Watsonville, which is twenty miles beyond Santa Cruz. This little power plant in the hills is reproduced on a grander scale in many parts of our wonderful State. In all our cities we have ever ready and untiring power for which no service is too small and no burden so heavy that is cannot bear it.

D. St. John, '09.



In the Desert.

"Well, it's water any way," said the tall man. "We ought to be thankful for that."

"Thankful for nothing!" growled the short man, who had once been stout as well as short. "There isn't more than a quart, and it ain't fit to drink. You're the greatest fellow to get sunshine out of cucumbers! We're goners, I tell you. I've felt it in my bones ever since we lost the trail three days ago—or was it four?"

The tall man smiled as cheerfully as his haggard cheeks and sunken eyes would allow. "I've read about men being lost for a month and then turning up all right," he said hopefully.

"You never read nothing about men that didn't turn up, did you?" said the other contemptuously.

It certainly required a great deal of optimism to extract any hope from the outlook: a waste of sand and rocks in the Arizona desert. The two men were the sole living things in a great bowl. Fifty miles to the west were mountains, barren and rocky; to every point of the compass stretched the sandy plain, without a landmark save an occasional boulder or small sand dune. Above, the August sun shone down dazzling and scorching; at their feet was a brackish pool containing about a bucketful of water.

"You don't know anything about books," said the small man, shading his face with his broad-brimmed hat. "In books there'd be an antelope wandering around here just to give us a meal, or we'd find a spring gushing out of a rock, or some such miracle. But this is real, Jim, and there ain't nothing of the sort; and, what's more, there ain't going to be. This comes of looking for gold instead of working at a trade like sensible men."

"We ain't to be blamed for trying to better our condition, Al," the tall man replied, moistening his lips with the precious

alkali water. "Suppose we had found the mine—or suppose we find it yet?"

"Fiddlesticks! there you go again."

"Well, why not? Of course we expected hardships."

"Not like this; at least I didn't, or I wouldn't have come. We might as well have died at the last water hole. What are you smiling at?" He wound up fiercely.

"Just thinking," said Jim; "we're in a fix, but where there's life there's hope."

"That's rubbish," retorted Al savagely.

Jim took a tattered picture from his pocket and said: "Al, you see this girl? Well, it is Lucy Adams, and she's praying for me in Vermont."

It was nearly a minute before the other spoke; then he said, half wonderingly:

"Is that what makes you think we'll pull out of this scrape?"

"Yes," answered Jim, confidently.

"That's all humbug," said Al. "Here's a clerk named Alfred Wilkes that's going to die on an Arizona desert and here's a carpenter named Jim Barrow who is going to be saved because he has a girl in Vermont. What's the sense in that?"

"I believe you'll be saved too," said Jim, his eyes still on the photograph.

"That's kind of you, but it don't help matters any. There's just one chance for us, and that is the arrival of a wagon-train, or a party of Indians. We'll die if we stay here and we haven't strength enough to travel to the mountains."

"Suppose," said Jim, gently—"suppose we pray for ourselves?"

"No, I won't," replied Al stubbornly. "I'm going to lie here by this water hole until the water gives out and then——"

It was hard to tell which was the most miserable, the man lying down or the man sitting up; only the man lying down cursed loud and bitterly, while the man sitting up prayed softly and looked at the picture.

When the cruel sun set at last the men built a fire of sage brush and scorched some bacon, which they ate languidly and then drank of the alkali water.

The desert cools rapidly when the sun is withdrawn and within an hour they were shivering over a little fire and fell into a troubled sleep.

Then again the sun came up and it was another day.

* * *

A train of wagons came along with the usual accompaniment of cracking whips and noisy teamsters, and, riding in a straggling procession, were some spectacled men with surveying instruments.

"Shall we pitch the camp here, professor?" asked the boss teamster.

"As well here as anywhere," was the weary reply. "How far are we from the mountains, Dan?"

"'Nother day to the foothills."

"Will the water last?"

"It's got to"—grimly—"even if we have to put up with a spoonful apiece."

"Well," assented the professor calmly,

"we can stand anything for one day, but do not let these animals suffer. No prospects of a spring here?"

"Not without an artesian pipe. May be a water hole, though. I'll look."

Soon he came back with a white face.

"Come here, professor."

By the dry hole lay two men. The short man, with his face shielded with his hat, was faintly breathing, and as the professor knelt by his side he half opened his eyes and made a sound they knew meant "water."

In a few minutes he was sitting up and saying weakly: "Jim was right after all."

"Your companion?"

"Yes; he prayed—he knew it would bring help. I said no, but Jim was right. I want to tell him so."

"I'm sorry," said the professor in a low voice, "but Jim——"

"You don't mean to say that Jim is——?"

"Yes, dead."

And so he was, with his blood-shot eyes, up-turned to the sun, and the photograph of a girl in his hand.

Wm. T. Saywell, '09.

A Temptation.

The final examination had begun. The class was working over their problems as if their lives depended on the result. Professor Sherwood was walking slowly up and down the aisle.

The examination was about half over when a large, broad-shouldered young fellow sitting in the front seat, became rather nervous over his problem. Work as he might he could not get a reasonable answer. As the hand of the clock slowly crept up to the hour he became more nervous

and began to fidget in his seat and appeared to be in great distress.

And he was in great distress. In his senior year he had made the team and here was failure staring him in the face, for no matter how one might entreat, Principal Armstrong positively refused to let any boy participate in any game when he had failed in his studies. And the big game with Clayton was but a day off.

It was a bitter disappointment to him. His months of training and practicing

had come to naught. The team had counted on his punting and line bucking to win the day for Riverside.

As the class filed out of the examination room Crosby touched Captain Rivers on the arm.

"It's all up with me, I've failed."

"What?" answered the other, "you don't mean that you couldn't pass that ex."

"That's just it, I've failed miserably. It's my own fault, though. I have thought of nothing but football for the last month and seldom have opened a book to study."

With a groan the captain went to tell the other members of the team and Crosby hastened to his room to think matters over. With him the team worked like a well-oiled machine, but it was horrible to picture what would happen with that sub Morton playing half-back. Morton was a freshman and wore pads on his shoulders as big as pillows.

That evening he was sitting by the open window watching the progress of a big rally on the campus when a cry of fire was raised. Rushing out of the house, Crosby joined a stream of students running toward Professor Sherwood's house. The fire was in the library and was quickly extinguished. The Professor was very excited and it was some time before he could explain the cause of the blaze.

"I was correcting examination papers and the lamp upset and every paper was

consumed. I remember the marks of a few of them but I had only corrected about one-half."

"Did you correct mine, sir?" asked Crosby.

"No, I did not," said the Professor, "but I guess you passed all right, Crosby."

Here was a temptation. He could play on the eleven and no one would be the wiser. He could see his team victorious and he would earn that coveted prize, the big R of Riverside. But on the other hand would this be honest? His conscience said "No." He would not do a dishonest act because a Professor had "guessed he had passed." He determined to lay the whole matter before the Principal. So he went to the Principal's office and told his story to Mr. Armstrong. The Principal then thought over the case. Here was the big game coming off to-morrow. There was no time for another examination, and this game was to decide who was to keep that big silver cup on his desk. For his honesty the boy must play. So, turning to the expectant lad standing by his desk, he said, "Crosby, Professor Armstrong lost the marks of the class in that examination, and it will have to be taken over again. Go into that game and play your best and we'll fix a date for the examination afterwards."

Which all goes to prove that we're only human beings after all.

J. W. Criglar, '08.



A Double Deal

Jim Delaney tied his pony to the hitching post before the "Miner's Retreat" and then sauntered up to the bar.

After "setting up" the drinks for the several occupants of the place, he entered into conversation with his friend, Geo. Ralph, the barkeeper.

"Well, George," he said, laying a bill on the counter, "have you secured that new 'pard' for me?"

"Yep, he signed up last night," answered George, ringing up the charge. "His name is Frank Beaumont; been in town about a week; came from 'Frisco.' He'll be here at eleven."

About three o'clock that afternoon Jim Delaney and his new partner set out from Goldfield on a three-hours' walk, driving the mustang, loaded with provisions, before them.

Delaney was dressed in a pair of blue overalls, stuffed into leather boots, and a broad-brimmed, linen hat, tilted back on his head, showed a clear-cut face, tanned from much work under the sun.

The other man wore a neat suit of gray, a showy tie and a black derby hat. A black beard, neatly trimmed, covered his face and concealed a long scar on his left cheek.

Jim Delaney owned a claim in Harper's Gulch, which had shown signs of "pay dirt," but as his "grub" ran out he was obliged to take in a partner with some capital.

The two men worked the claim, taking out enough "dirt" to keep them in hope.

"Been in the Army, Frank?" asked Jim one day as Frank came in to dinner, his open shirt front disclosing a tattoo on his breast of two crossed sabres and a draped flag.

"Yes," answered Frank, "I served three years in the Islands."

Late one afternoon, as Frank was preparing the evening meal, Jim burst into

the cabin and in great glee showed Frank five pieces of rock in which gleamed yellow specks. He had made a "strike."

For two weeks the men worked hard and panned out about two thousand five hundred dollars, according to Jim's calculation.

The gold dust was kept in a hole dug under the cabin floor. A small, red trunk covered the trap door over the hole.

On Saturday morning, Beaumont took several samples of the ore and set out on the pony for Goldfield.

As Beaumont rode along his mind and heart were in the hole under the little red trunk in the cabin. If he had that dust, a month later would find him in South America. The climate of Nevada was getting too warm for his health, he mused.

Sunday afternoon a young man riding a chestnut mare dismounted before the door of Delaney's cabin. According to the card which he handed to Jim he was Mr. Harris S. Lyons, agent for the Goldfield Mine and Investment Co., of Goldfield, Nevada.

He had heard of the "strike" at the "Red Fox" from a Mr. Beaumont, and had come out in the interest of his company to look over the ground.

He was dressed in a blue suit, his feet incased in a pair of riding boots. He was clean shaven, and fairly good looking, save for a scar on his left cheek.

As he gave his mission to Delaney, he busied himself examining his horse's left fore hoof. He said she went lame about a quarter of a mile back.

Delaney watched him closely and noticed that he seemed nervous.

Entering the cabin, Jim slipped a six-shooter into his coat pocket.

Coming out, he joined Mr. Lyons and the two men walked toward the claim.

Gradually the agent walked in front of Delaney, and then, wheeling suddenly, he

faced Jim, with a revolver in his hand and a wicked gleam in his eyes.

With a sharp cry he fell back, his finger convulsively pulling the trigger, but the bullet went wild of its mark. Delaney had spoken first.

The man on the ground lay still and white.

Advancing cautiously, Delaney kicked away the agent's gun, and then stooped to open his shirt to see if his heart still beat.

Pale and trembling, he started back. On the dead man's breast was a tattoo of two crossed sabres and a draped flag.

Frank Beaumont's double deal had failed.

T. J. Finnegan, '08.

Mt. Tallac

As you approach Tallac by way of the lake, on the small steamer Tahoe, Mt. Tallac stands out from a background of other mountains. It is 9,785 feet high and with the exception of Pyramid, the highest in that part of the country. It is situated seven miles back from the Tallac Hotel.

About half way up, one reaches a plateau on which Lake Gilmore is situated. Although not as pretty as many in the vicinity, it is the most perfect, scooped as it is out of solid granite.

From there it is but a short climb to the summit. The last stretch is over great boulders and it is with a start of surprise that you look down and away at the vast view spreading out before you.

Off to the south and as far as the eye can see is Lake Tahoe, with every shade of blue sparkling in the sunlight. The light green near the shore deepens through many varying shades to the ultra marine, so characteristic of the deep waters of Tahoe. On turning a little you see Emerald Bay and the island with the grave the old sailor dug for himself and in which he will never be laid, as he lies now somewhere at the bottom of the lake.

There are lakes on every side, big and small ones. But what catches the eye as

you look toward the north is Desolation Valley, with its sparkling banks of snow and its small lakes in all the hollows of the granite. Not a tree is to be seen in this desert and you find yourself wondering how such a place can be in this wilderness of pines, for on all sides, except where Pyramid looms up, are to be found great pines and hemlocks.

There are large cracks and openings, where a great glacier must have had its pathway in ages long gone by, sweeping it so clean that no vegetation could find a foothold. Even the beautiful snow flower is scarce, and the valley, although very beautiful in its clearness and brightness, fills you with a longing for something which the place with all its charms cannot give.

Nearer at hand, sparkling and shining as a rainbow, is Susie's Falls. And so on, your eye wanders from one beautiful thing to another, so that when you reach the starting point you are ready to view it all again.

As we take a last lingering look at the view now fading to grays and blacks, the sun is creeping to the west, everywhere casting long shadows on valley and lakes.

Elizabeth Bridge, '08.

The City School-smiths

I.

Under the vaulted sky so blue,
The Mechanical Art School stands,
The Lick, a mighty school 'tis true,
With large extensive lands;
And the fetters which bind the students
there
Are strong as iron bands.

II.

Students* young and old there are,
They come from every clan;
Their brows are wet with honest sweat;
For they learn whate'er they can;
They look as pale as any ghost,
For their faces are not tan.

III.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can see these pupils work;
You can hear them heave a longing sigh,
Their lessons they would shirk,
And out in the sunshine they would lie,
Or in the woods would lurk.

IV.

Studying, striving, fretting,—
Onward through school they go;
Each morning they their lessons ply,
Each eve they o'er them crow,
Until their failing strength doth fly,—
They'd gladly lay them down and die.

V.

Thanks, thanks, to thee! our worthy
friends,
For the lessons you have taught,
As in the stuffy school-room
Our battles hard we fought;
And where we never dared assume,
Our tasks had all been wrought.

A. E. Dallas, '07.

Carl Gleason's Ghost

Slowly, and with measured stroke, Old Saul handled the oars, and the boat moved steadily ahead. John and I sat in the stern, each with a rudder rope. All was silent, and I watched the curving line of the shore. We were about half way between two points, which projected farther into the sea than the main line of the shore, and were heading for the northern one.

The afternoon was waning, and the sun was low in the western sky. The blue-green waters turned to silver and gold where its dying rays fell, and on the horizon melted into the gray sky.

Suddenly, Old Saul stopped rowing, and, shipping the oars, looked out to where the red ball of the sun was sinking.

"Boys," he said, "did you ever hear tell of Carl Gleason's Ghost?"

John and I looked up; Old Saul's stories were always interesting. "No," we replied, eagerly, "tell us about it."

"Well, 'twas sixty years ago, when I was a boy like you. I, with six other fellows, started on a trip to Castle Rock, where we have been. There was Carl and Arthur Gleason, Sam Thompson, Dick Harris, Ben Nickles, Will Simmonds and myself, none of us over fifteen years old.

"We started early, and took our luncheon, and, as we expected to do a lot of swimming, we wore only our bathing suits, most of them home-made. The main object of the trip was to establish the existence of a cave at the base of Castle Rock, which all of us had heard of, but which none of us had found.

"With four of us at the oars, it did not take us long to reach the rock. The water was cold, but the sun, already high in the heavens, promised a warm day, so we plunged boldly in, and were soon used to it.

"We started for the base of the rock,

and after some time, during which we did a lot of diving, we found quite a large entrance a little below the surface, but hidden with sea-weed and other rubbish. After a little deliberation, we decided to enter it, and one after another swam in.

"The passage was not long under water, so we did not suffer from want of air. The cave was dark, and we could barely stand upright in it, the water coming up to our waists. It was very small, and we were somewhat cramped for room, so, although we found another passage leading inward, we swam out.

"Once outside, we did not wish to enter again, and as we did not wish to go home so soon, we played around on the beach. Luncheon came soon, and the afternoon passed swiftly, but at last we decided to go home, so we piled into the boat and set out, four rowing as before. The sun was getting pretty low, so we hurried, and were about here, when Carl Gleason suggested a swimming race. We all fell in with the plan, but only he, Sam Thompson and Ben Nickles would race. They jumped out of the boat and swam to a place about fifty feet away. As agreed, Dick Harris dropped the hat (as he was the only one of us who had one), and they started.

"Ben Nickles was ahead at first, but in ten feet Carl Gleason out-distanced him and kept gaining. We in the boat were excitedly watching and cheering them, when, in a second, a huge wave welled up before Carl Gleason. As it reached him he rose, his body half out of the water, and, with an awful cry, threw up his arms, and sank. We in the boat were silent an instant, a terrible fear stealing over us, while Dick and Ben swam around, waiting for his body to rise.

"Suddenly, an impulse seemed to seize me, and, leaping to my feet, I called to Dick and Ben to come back into the boat.

The others were doing the same thing, but at the time I did not notice it much, I was so intent upon what I was doing myself. We soon got them back, but it seemed an age. Then we sat down and watched the sea, dreamily; something told us that we should never see Carl again.

"The sea, the sky, the sun, were as they are now—dull. We were afraid; a terrible, gripping fear had seized us. We were afraid to go home, afraid to stay where we were, afraid to stir, so we sat still and shivered, wondering what had become of Carl, what would become of us.

"We sat there, I don't know how long. The sun was sinking and a cool breeze had risen, still we sat and shivered, our teeth chattered—we were afraid.

"At last a sea-gull passed and cawed, breaking the monotony; we started, looked around wild-eyed, and, with an effort, remembered. Some one spoke, his voice sounded unnatural; we started again, and remembered. Then we decided to go home.

"Four of us took the oars and rowed. Arthur Gleason held the rudder ropes. We started home.

"The squeaking of the very oar-locks mocked us; terror dwelt in our souls—but we rowed.

"As we rowed we heard a voice, a wail, a cry—'Brother—brother—do not leave me.' Arthur dropped the tiller, and, turning, looked over the water.

"Again the cry, louder, clearer, our very hearts stopped from the terror of it—'Brother—brother—stay.' Arthur turned to us—still we rowed, chilled to our mar-

rows with fear. 'Boys,' he said, in a strange and unnatural voice, 'my brother calls—stop!'

"Coldly we stared behind—and rowed. Again he turned and looked over the sea. The sun had almost sunk. I looked at him, tears were in his eyes. Again the cry, softer, but clear: 'Brother—brother—e-o-m-e!'

"We were nearing shore. Arthur turned to us, his face stained from crying. 'I must—my brother calls!' he said, and leaped from the boat.

"He hit the bottom, we were almost on the beach and not without a good deal of foreboding we hauled him out and laid him on the sand. As we did so we heard the cry, faint—clear, 'Brother—brother—I am lo—' The wind calmed and we could not catch the last of it."

The old man ceased. John and I sat silent, looking out over the sea at the setting sun.

"Boys," he said, "you're crying."

I lifted my hand and wiped away a tear. "Yes," I said, "what was the rest?"

Old Saul took up the oars. "Arthur died," he said, simply.

"And the ghost?" asked John, looking up.

As if in answer a low cry resounded over the dark waters. It sounded, queerly, like a human voice.

"The Ghost," said Old Saul, and plunged the oars into the sea.

W. W. Beatty, '09.



Jim's Chance

The person whom this story is about was known by the name of Jim, and as for having a last name he never remembered having one. He was a short, stocky man, who had an honest-looking face, covered with a long dirty-looking beard, and his hair resembled that of a football player after a game, only his had not been cut for months. He wore a dirty, ragged suit, which did not fit him any too well, and around his neck he wore a soiled, red bandana handkerchief.

Jim had tried to earn a living in Chicago, where he had stayed the last two years, but luck was against him, so he started for the West, stealing rides under trains whenever he got a chance.

He was riding under a freight train up among the mountains, when an ugly tempered brakeman discovered him and fired him off, but as soon as the train started he swung himself under the train and made himself as comfortable as possible.

The train was making the best time possible pulling a long freight up the grades and turning and twisting among the mountains, when one of the train crew discovered a hot box on one of the cars, for which the train had to be stopped until it was fixed. It was while the train was thus stopped that the brakeman discovered Jim and again put him off, this time warning him to stay off. When the train again started, Jim was compelled to stay off, as the train crew were on the lookout for him. He knew that there was nothing else for him to do but walk, until he came to the first watering place, where he could again get on a train, so he took to the ties.

He had traveled five or six hours, when, in turning a curve, he saw a large landslide had covered the tracks in front of him with tons of earth and rocks. He stood

and wondered how he would pass this obstacle without having to go too far out of his way, when he heard the whistle of an approaching train, which he knew to be the fast Overland Limited. He also knew that unless the engineer was warned of the danger before it reached the curve, there would be a terrible wreck.

Jim was not one who took a great while to do a thing, but he stood as one bewildered for five or ten minutes, as it seemed to him, but it was but a fraction of a second before he had made up his mind to try to warn the engineer. He hurriedly started to climb over what seemed to him to be a mountain of dirt and stones. He dug his fingers into the dirt and half dragged, half pulled himself up step by step. His feet sunk up to the tops of his shoes in the soft dirt and the loose stones rolled from under his feet at every step, but this only made him struggle all the harder. As he neared the top, his strength seemed to leave him and he seemed to be stepping in the same place. His breath came in short, quick jerks, which he inhaled through his wide opened mouth. Would he never reach the top? His head was all awlirl and the steady, dull thump, thump in his head seemed to keep time with every step he took. He suddenly realized he was at the top and, without stopping for an instant, he started on a run to descend the other side. Sometimes sliding, sometimes rolling, he dodged the trees and boulders the best he could. He came to a sudden halt at the bottom of the pile and found himself in the branches of a tree. He half staggered, half ran down the track toward the curve, all the time trying to get his handkerchief from his neck. He thought he was too late, because he heard the whistle for the curve, but he determined to keep on. He finally rounded the curve,

waving his red bandana wildly above his head. He was none too soon, as the engineer, after seeing him, did not succeed in stopping the train until it was within a few feet of the tons of debris.

The passengers hurriedly left the train and came forward to see what was the matter and they did not realize what danger they had been in until the engineer told them of how the ragged-looking fellow, whom they had all passed in their hurry to see what was the matter, had stopped the train.

When the landslide had been cleared away so that the train could pass, it went

on its way, and Jim went with it, but instead of being underneath he was inside enjoying being the guest of the passengers. When the train reached Sacramento, Jim was presented with a new suit of clothes, together with a purse of ninety dollars from the passengers, and the engineer saw that he was given a position in the shops learning to be an engineer, which Jim admired more than anything.

Jim worked hard for two years around the shops and was finally given a position firing under the engineer whose train he had saved.

Wm. Gay, '07.

The City by the Sea

Where once she sat in all her glory,
 With mansions towering toward the
 skies,
 Now there is another story,
 For many a home in ruin lies

And now the golden sun is lying,
 Part in sky and part in sea,
 And the gentle winds are sighing,
 Sighing for her tenderly.

And hundreds, yes, and thousands
 Now bemoan her fate.
 The once great, now blackened city
 By the glorious Golden Gate.

But the Golden Gate is calling,
 And in response a restless throng
 Will rebuild the blackened city,
 Will rebuild her well and strong.

'Till its name and fame and courage
 Will astound the modern land,
 And where, 'mongst new and golden,
 Another city'll gild the strand.

Now, construct her, strong and splendid,
 City of the Sunset State,
 Crowning gem in song and story
 Of the glorious Golden Gate.

Clare Hodges, '09.



Vignettes

The fiery sun was setting behind the Presidio. The dark mass of trees, which crowned the hills, was sharply silhouetted against the red and gold of the sky. All around innumerable poppies and buttercups shone like yellow stars in the green grass.

Down in the valley below a row of white tents contrasted strongly with the dark green of the fields and darker green of the trees. Far away on the dazzling waters of the bay a few white yachts were drifting slowly about, while a ship, with its towering masses of snowy sheets was making its way toward the Golden Gate.

Here was the crowning point of beauty. Below were the fiery waters of the strait. On each side headlands rose dark and steep into the yellow heavens, while Fort Point stood out, like a lonely sentinel, black against the dazzling waters of the ocean beyond.

With a last lingering glow the red ball of fire sank slowly behind the hills and darkness settled softly upon the earth. As we turned our lagging steps toward home the scene appeared to us to be a golden promise of a fairer city than any in the world.

F. W. Jacobs, '08.

The night is dark. The shore between the land and water cannot be seen. Near at hand twinkle a few lights, and we know them to be from a ship at anchor. Far off in the distance twinkle a number of other lights. These shine from the little military post of Fort McDowell, on Angel Island. A steady noise of throbbing engines comes nearer and nearer and a splendidly lit-up palace comes puffing noisily in. This we recognize to be our old friend, the ferry-boat. One long-drawn-out "too-oot"

of her whistle and she glides slowly into the pier.

We hear the splash of oars and the sounds of singing voices are borne upward, and then lost in the distance.

Gradually all sounds cease, save the lapping of the water, and the lights go out one by one; and even the silent night sinks to rest.

Edna Haker, '08.

As we first open the door we are a little frightened at the gloomy aspect of the long low-roofed room, with its many dark corners and crevices. At each end of the room there is a small window, and by their dim light we can discern the things scattered about. At one end there are a lot of playthings, very much the worse for the wear and tear of romping children.

On the side of the room there are two old rocking chairs, seated side by side, while on each side of these are two small chairs and a foot stool. As we look at these we think of the merry groups which must have sat at the open fire place on the long winter evenings, reading and telling stories.

There is an old fashioned chest in one dark corner, with ancient carvings and designs cut on it. We are very curious to see what might be in this, and we find a lot of old silk waist-coats and hooped skirts, faded and yellow with age, and we almost envy the merry children, who dressed up in these old things and capered over the house, showing them off.

At the furthest end of the room sits an old cradle with a little pillow at the head of it. There is also a little blanket tucked in all around and turned back at the top. The pillow is wrinkled and creased and in the uncertain light one can almost fancy a tiny head resting there.

Reta Ogle, '08.



THE TIGER

W. EDGAR RANDALL, '07.....Editor
LESTER C. UREN, '07.....Business Manager

ASSISTANT EDITORS

Arnold T. Brown, '07.....Literature	
George Bromley, '08.....Poetry	
Ashleigh Simpson, '09.....Exchanges	
Ernest Thompson, '07.....	
Lester Thompson, '07.....	Athletics
Ada Roos, '07.....	
Leslie Nickels, '07.....Joshes	
Geraldine Byington, '08.....	
Henry Mikkelsen, '07.....	School Notes
Clinton Allsopp, '07.....Shop Notes	

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

Lou Knell, '07	George Payne, '08
Paul Miller, '08	Harold Walker, '07

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The New Start

One-fourth of the year is already a matter of history; quarterly reports are out; the old question is again going the rounds,

“Hullo, get cinched in anything?”

Stop just a moment, and consider the difference between that query and the one that once in a great while is substituted, “Say, get through in anything?”

* * *

That first question expresses the spirit of the year: the spirit of San Francisco on an academie scale, and it's right, too. Put your questions that way. Surely it is better to optimistically ask for one poor deed among a number of successes, rather than for a lonely achievement among a multitude of attempts.

* * *

We are glad of the general satisfaction over this first quarter. We are glad to see the vim with which work is being done, without, as well as within, the class rooms. Now, just a word about those class rooms. With all the outside interests here at Lick, we are, after all, students. We are here for study—the right kind of study, though. So, if you happen to be one of those with a low mark somewhere on your card, don't feel discouraged. Get in and dig! Most of us have a natural bent for

certain studies. In most cases, that is the rudder that steers us out into our life-work. All well and good, but while you are here, it is wiser not to let yourself fall back in any subject, merely because you are better in something else. The training we get comes from that very effort to keep with the procession. To get an essay in by Tuesday, an outline the following morning, a theorem on Friday, and so on, the training of one semester is preparing you for the next.

* * *

We have had rallies and meetings enough this year to do away with this little paragraph, "On the other hand—etc."

We can not refrain, however, from saying this to the class of '10. You Freshmen know that we have tried to welcome you as a part of ourselves. We are only human beings, after all, and therefore could not help that first week of inspection; height, width, and general intelligence, in one or two cases even counting the teeth. Never mind, Freshies, you took it in good humor, and we respect you for it. And now, consider yourselves from henceforth part of us, and, like us, ready to do all in our power for the sake of old Lick!

* * *

Pursuing the above admonition, do not forget that you are expected to take an active interest in at least one activity.

Athletics—Forensics—Photography—Music—Journalism—there is a world of things to choose from. Hunt up some one at the head of the stunt you want to try at and tell him so. You'll get a chance, but remember this—hold it as a watchword—dig! Never loaf around Lick. If you must loaf, get out! You're not wanted. We are too busy to fool with those who waste another's time as well as their own. We are here for work, so get in and

Dig!

Yelling

Organized rooting at Lick needs a sudden jolt. To be sure, the newness will wear off and the Freshmen gradually learn the yells, and we hope we will all learn the new songs. What we woefully need at present is practice—and lots of it. There is no need of waiting for a Student Body Meeting to practice yells. Any noon time a yelling rally could be held in the hall, and much good be accomplished.

For instance, at the San Francisco Field Day, Lick's rooting was the best in the grandstand.

There was no other rooting section there!

* * *

The Lick crowd was good. Both senses of the word. Discipline was never better, and the bunch was large. How the yell were they to yell when they had only read the yells in a book? Oh for a week's practice!

The leading was perfect. Shawhan deserves praise for his work that day. So, for the sake of improved noise, help the poor man along. Yell when he tells you to, and what is quite as important, keep still when "mum's the word."

* * *

The New Constitution

The most that can be said of it is that it is a good thing. Long ago THE TIGER editorially voiced comment on the lax methods prevalent under the old government. Now that the new way is an actual fact, we like to metaphorically rub our hands together and murmur "Ah!"

* * *

The officers of the Student Body seem to be able to sit up and take vast amounts of nourishment. In fact, they are all a healthy, vigorous crew.

A better man for president could not be found than Ernest Thompson. The spirit with which Thompson has taken

"holt" is the spirit in which the Constitution was written—the spirit of improvement and progress. Success to his efforts! * * *

For Yell Leader there is Romar Shawhan. So far he has made great headway against odds. As we have said before, may the odds lessen and the results of his work increase. * * *

To the Board of Control has been sent a representative tale of students from each class. They report but few laggards in the matter of quarterly dues, and have also caught on to the spirit of the year. It seems as though everything were doing nicely. Keep it up!

This Paper

Like all student publications, THE TIGER depends upon the members of its school for "copy." Now, as every student receives credit from the English Department here at Lick for all work done on THE TIGER, it behooves that student to get busy. A few simple things to observe—and there you are!

First, write on but one side of the paper.

This is more important than what might be written on the other side. A contemporary says that it is all right to use both sides of the paper, because it probably won't be noticed if the printer skips one of the sides. We would however, formally contradict that statement. THE TIGER would not have its readers miss anything for worlds.

Second, you will probably have to copy it again so the Staff can read it. When you have progressed that far, go and tie yourself to a post. This is for the purpose of restraining you from telling the Staff more than from twenty-two to twenty-four times how true your story is, and how graphically set forth.

The next step is, wait till the paper appears. Rush to the Manager, who is, of course, just dying to talk to you, and tell him all about it. If, when you get the paper, and your story is not there, remember that all the very best material is saved for a later issue. Then, all that is necessary is to keep on writing. The practice will do you good, and you will also be one ahead on your TIGER work!

Founders' Day

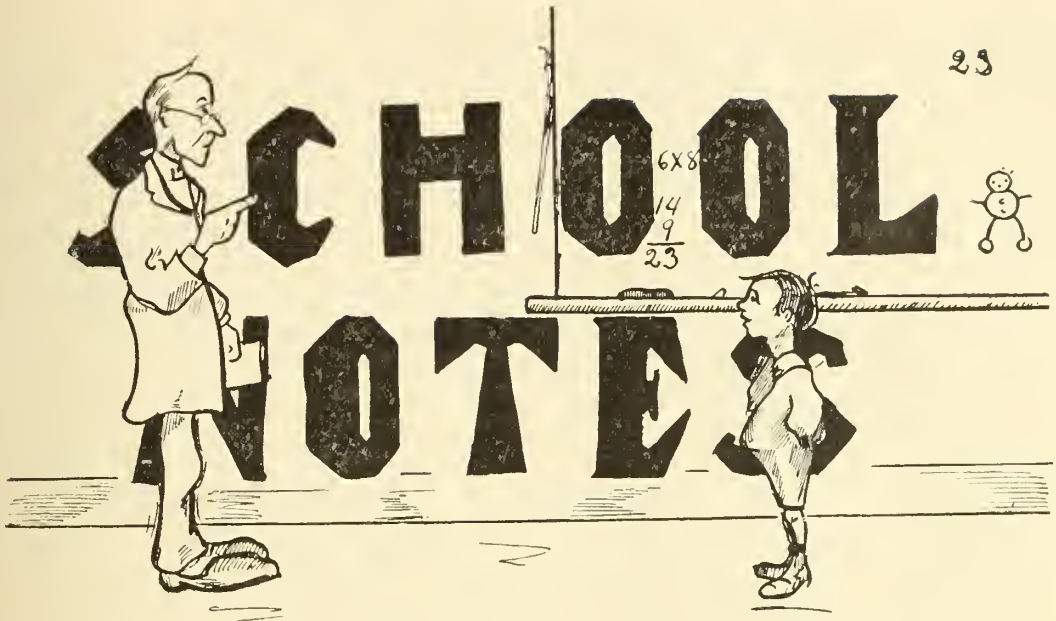
On September 21st the annual ceremonies, due to the date, were appropriately observed by the school. At 11:15 the whistle was blown and every student, teacher and attache of the school left their work and assembled in the halls. The students from the class rooms of the academic department grouped themselves about the upper hall: the machinists and blacksmiths formed a dark blue contingent on the lower stairs: the cooks, with their dainty caps and aprons, had several tiers of chairs "down in front." The rest of the students found places about the halls from which they could listen to the exercises.

The President of the Board of Trustees, Mr. Horace Davis, delivered the oration of

the day. During his speech Mr. Davis made public the announcement of a new site for the Lick School. A new site, new and larger buildings and better equipment were the things talked of for the future.

It has been officially stated, since then, that the plans are now being considered, and that engineers are at work on their execution.

After Mr. Davis' speech, school adjourned till the afternoon session. The Senior Class then acted as a Reception Committee, showing visitors about the school. Much interest was manifested in the shops, many people being surprised at the amount of work turned out there since April last.



First Rally.

The first rally of the new term was called to order at 12:30 on August 25th by Principal Geo. A. Merrill. After speaking a few moments on the "Spirit of Self-reliance" which pervades the students of Lick, and commending the work done by them in the past and present, he called for nominations for a temporary student body president. Randall was unanimously elected as such and after a few words he proceeded with the meeting.

The first thing to take place was the presentation of that Stanford Relay Cup. As Goleher carried it up the stairs to the old Lick Bench, cheers of all sorts and sizes were drowned in the one mighty roar which greeted the well-earned trophy. Mr. Merrill had a few moments respite after accepting that eup, when he was called upon to gather in another one. This second eup was a Punch Bowl, complete with a ladle. It is Lick's forever and in accepting it Mr. Merrill remarked that it would come in handy at the dances.

Football was the next matter to be brought up. After Goleher had told of

this year's outlook, Merrilees was called on but could not be found.

Bromley next gave a clever dissertation on "Teach your children to swim!" Following Bromley, Acton succeeded in delighting the 1910 class with his fly catching stunts, a la Baseball.

Lester Uren illustrated the use of the dark room and Camera Club and Simpson with a burst of eloquence spoke of the glories of the rostrum in general and the Debating Society in particular.

Randall as chairman of last year's constitution committee told how we were laboring under a faulty government and proceeded to sew the seed of reform.

It was moved that the editor and manager of "The Tiger," be elected at that time in order that work on the paper might be started. Randall was unanimously elected editor and after speaking a few words called for nominations for manager. E. Thompson spoke a few earnest words of Mr. Uren's good record and made his nomination. After Uren's unanimous election and a little speech the meeting adjourned.

Second Rally

Was called by Temporary President Randall of the student body. It was early in the noon hour (12:30), but Mr. Merrill had to break away from his luncheon and come down to accept another cup. This cup was won on August 30th by the cross-country team. Mr. Merrells formally took possession of it from our Gregory Padilla. Padilla is the man who is only happy when chasing a street-car or a Freshman. It was at this rally that a case was promised for all the trophies that could be stacked up. Here's hoping it may soon materialize.

Then followed the long and somewhat tedious reading and discussion of the new constitution. It was read, explained and later accepted, section by section, and is now the basis of student activity.

It was natural, under the new rule, that officers should be needed, and nominations were declared in order by the chair for a President of the Student Body. Only one nomination was made, that of Ernest Thompson. A motion was made, seconded and carried by a hearty and unanimous vote to the effect that nominations be closed and Thompson be declared Student Body President. Thereupon, Randall turned the chair over to Thompson and retired.

After expressing his thanks in a brief and earnest manner, President Thompson proceeded to have the election of the Editor and Manager of THE TIGER ratified by the Student Body under the new rule. Nominations for yell leader were then thrown open. There was great opposition between Shawhan, Padilla and Ensign, but a ballot showed that Romer Shawhan was "it."

The meeting wound up with a monstrous "Ali Be Bo."

Third Rally

After a little practice on some of the school yells and songs, led by R. Shawhan, the third meeting of the Student Body was opened by President Thompson. The main object of the meeting was to prepare the rooters for the San Francisco Field Day. Nevertheless, he made a few suggestions on other topics. His first was that all girls owning 35 or 40 cents should make themselves a pendant to be used at all athletic events. His second was on "How to become acquainted," or "The knock-down committee."

Three motions were made, seconded and carried. They were:

1. That all teachers and former graduates be declared honorary members of the Student Body.

2. That the members of last year's baseball team be awarded Block L's.

3. That the cross-country team be awarded Block L's.

Golcher spoke in the same old way about "the hard proposition he has to buck up against" in the San Francisco Field Day, and how "we need the support of the students." Butler spoke on the financial side of the proposition and told of the shortage in the ticket market.

After a number of new and old yells and songs, Coach Tibetts was called upon to express his views, but did not respond. Meeting adjourned.

Fourth Rally

About 12:30 on October 3d, the yelling commenced. The rooters yelled lustily and the Seniors conjugated German verbs in unison, to the amazement of Miss Otto and the Freshies.

President Thompson called the Student Body to order and outlined the work of the Board of Control. He mentioned the quarterly dues and a few other kindred subjects.

Bachelor told of the accident to Clarence Howells, '08, in a street-car collision.

As the Tiger goes to press, it takes the opportunity to express this heartfelt wish of the entire Student Body—May our young friend have the best of luck and a speedy recovery.

Simpson again eulogized the Debating Society, and told of its reorganization as a literary society.

Charley Bell ran to cover before he had time to make a speech. It was almost too bad, for Bell was the first man to be given his Block L, over the Lick Bench. Mailotte, Gay and Lieb accepted theirs with "grace and a few appropriate remarks." Then Padilla, Brown, Little and Simpson of the cross-country team got their'n simultaneously, and almost created a sensation by almost speaking all at once. Bettoli, Lodge, Sobey, Hupp and Allsopp in turn accepted the honor. Allsopp, in his speech, said that as a Freshie, years ago, he had always felt envious and uncomfortable whenever an athlete made a speech. "Now," he continued, "the envy is nearly all gone, but I am twice as uncomfortable." Everybody having been as brilliant as possible, several bricks about the building were loosened by the tremendous "Ali Be Bo!" that closed the meeting.

The Camera Club

The camera fiends have been very busy so far this term. Three meetings have been held and according to the attendance it can be seen that a great deal of interest is taken in the pleasant and instructive art of photography.

The first meeting was called to order by ex-president Uren. The most important business was the election of a board of directors. Much opposition was encountered by the candidates. The following board was elected: Miss Roos, president; Miss McKeon, secretary; Mr. Zipf, vice-president; Mr. Payne, treasurer; Mr. McDonald, Mr. Mikkelsen.

At a meeting of the board the officers

were given their respective positions. McDonald and Mikkelsen will serve a term as custodians of the dark room rubbish, etc.

The second meeting was called by Vice-President Zipf, who spoke at length about outings and other matters of interest. A motion for a photographic contest was carried by a unanimous vote. These contests are to be held monthly or quarterly and valuable prizes are to be awarded to the successful contestants. Uren, Mikkelsen and Miss Bertha Knell will officiate as judges.

The board of directors held a conference and the "janitors" of the dark room were ordered to prepare the room for use. This was done by obtaining a large stock of various materials and the use of a dust brush, etc.

Arrangements for an outing to Redwood Canyon were made at a meeting held on September 20th. Saturday, September 22d was the day set for the outing, which was very successful. The members had a delightful time and many fine views were obtained. This is the third outing held by the club, and promises to be but the beginning of some very good times.

Freshies "get next"; if you own a camera, join the club. If your friend owns one, join anyhow.

Mandolin Club

Last term several '07 girls organized a mandolin club under the management of Miss Otto. All plans were well under way when the earthquake shook them up.

This caused the club to be a little behind time. They have started up again and have decided to practice at school after 3:25 on Tuesdays so as not to lose time in going to the house of the musical director, Miss Clark.

Under the able management of Miss Otto they hope to make a good success of the club.

The Debating Society

There have been but two meetings held by the Debating Society this term and the attendance at these has been rather lax.

At the first meeting the following officers were elected to serve for this term:

Simpson, President; Thompson, Vice-President; Miss Crow, Secretary.

The Debating League schedules Lick to debate Commercial on October 20th. The question for debate is: "Resolved, That the United States should give the Philippines their immediate independence." Lick will hold up the affirmative.

The team which will represent Lick was

picked September 20th. It consists of E. Thompson, Simpson and Tufts, with A. Brown as alternative and business manager.

Alumni Farce

The farce, entitled "Incog," given so successfully last year by the Class of '06, will be presented by the Alumni at New Club Hall on the evening of October 27th. This will give an opportunity to those who missed the play last year to see the same cast star again. Tickets may be obtained from Miss Burns, in the office, at the rate of fifty cents for a gentleman with ladies.

"And We'll Gather Round the Flag"

I.

There's a rally! There's a rally!
 There's a rally in the hall!
 And the Freshies stand on tip-toe,
 They're more numerous than them all;
 They may be small in stature,
 They may be small in size,
 But the old Lick Spirit has them,
 As they open wide their eyes.

II.

Now from that crowd of students
 Steps Randall from the pack.
 He tells the listening audience
 Of everything they lack.
 Then Padilla, slow, arises,
 Lengthy praises he must tell,
 Of how they won the cup that day,
 They worked through shot and shell.

III.

There's a rally! There's a rally!
 There's a rally on the stair!
 Where a speaker gains the rostrum
 When he's pulled there by his hair.
 Ah! There's joy in being a pupil
 Of a school like Lick, you see,
 Where all may work together
 In a way most happily.

Ira S. Pearce, '10.



**Olla Podrida,
Berkeley,
Cal.**

First Edition—The three stories are up to standard, with the exception of the one entitled “Dooley On.”

Amateurs make a great mistake in attempting to initiate a dialect so famous that it is already “run into the ground.” The sports are well written. The general get-up of the whole paper shows lively interest and good management.

Second Edition—About balances the first in general aspect. The amount of momentum acquired after starting is fully obtained by the Olla Podrida.

**The Tripod,
Boston,
Mass.**

Nothing much can be said in criticizing the Tripod. It is a good paper throughout all departments and is thoroughly well handled.

**Phi-Rhonian,
Bath, Maine.**

Is a good sensible paper, attractive in its plainness, impressive in its soundness. The stories are all good, as are the jokes. We are glad to have the Phi-Rhonian amongst our papers.

**The Bell,
San Jose.**

A paper of good composition, having some unique ways of playing up outside topics and inside organizations to the satisfaction of its own readers and interest of outside readers, a thing to be commended in a high school paper.

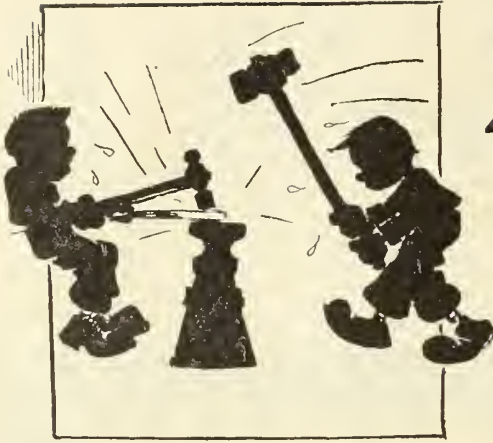
**Red and Blue,
Sachs
Institute,
New York.**

The last copy we received of the Red and Blue shows marked improvement over former issues. The paper has always been one of high standing amongst our exchanges, having good stories, humor and spirit.

**The Aegis,
Oakland,
Cal.**

First edition speaks well for a starter of so successful a bi-weekly. It is artistically and well hung together; withal a good representative of so large a student body.

Second edition is just as full of spirit as the first, good make-up characterizing it throughout



SHOP ✿ NOTES

Wood Work. Since the fire, tools have been scarce. It is but a week or so that the Freshmen have had their edge-tools, so work has been somewhat delayed in this department. Everything is going nicely now, however, and the routine of making joints will soon be over.

There are only two Senior apprentices in Pattern Making at present. Of these, Canham is receiving credit for a deal of outside work, and Herald is turning out a fine specimen of a propellor blade pattern.

Blacksmithing. The classes are just getting over the first quarter's burns and blisters and will soon be in more intricate work than pounding out hexagons and squares. "Bob" Gardner and Flynn, Senior apprentices, have been doing very creditable forging. They are at present engaged on the construction of an elevator for the Tamm and Nolan Paint Works.

One of the largest jobs ever turned out was completed just before the earthquake. It was a rudder frame, made by Gardner and Johnson. The height was 5 feet and

it was 2 feet across. The posts were drawn cut of 7-inch tool steel. In all, ten welds were required to complete it.

Foundry. This shop has been in constant use by the Eureka Foundry since that hot weather in April. They have now gone to their own quarters and the last half of this semester will see the foundry classes moulding like mad.

Machine Shop

Most of the machinists are doing repair work at present. Work on a shaper is being rushed and a drill press, disc punch and emery grinder are still incomplete. A 10 H. P. dynamo is in course of construction, and before long two wood lathes and a bed-stretcher will leave the shop. The largest work at present is on a 4x6 marine hoist and a 6x8 engine. There is also a great deal of motor rewinding since the fire.

NOTE. This department is in receipt of a letter and catalogue from the Alexander-Yost Hardware and Tool Co., announcing their reopening, with a complete line of mechanics' tools, at 1435 Pine street.



ATHLETICS

General Outlook

Will the fall of '06 and the spring of '07 see Lick the undefeated champions?

Will we again win five A.

A. L. championships in one year, or have we deteriorated? It is for ourselves to answer. From outward appearances it looks as if we might duplicate our wonderful performance of two years ago; perhaps the whole six championships will come our way. It is up to you. Every student should take up at least one branch

of sport. The school supports every one of the recognized A. A. L. sports. Why don't *you* in turn support the school by taking up one of these activities? You may not be first-class at the very beginning—the school doesn't want hired athletes. Come out and learn and the school will be much prouder of you. A freshman who wins a hard-fought third place deserves a great deal more credit than a senior breaking a record.

Can you swim? Come out and try for

R

O

O



S

Fillmore at O'Farrell

also

Van Ness at Bush

BROS.

the team. You say you can't. Well, come out with the team and learn. The boys are always willing to help you and will teach you all they know. You would like to be able to play football like So-and-so, only you don't want to try, because you will be laughed at. Don't care how much you are laughed at, but try! In the end you will be able to play and will have learned the lesson of self-confidence. Isn't it better to be the one laughed at than the mucker who laughs at you, and hasn't enough school spirit to fall on a football?

In athletics the state of affairs at Lick has greatly improved. More boys sign up for the teams each season, more fellows come out and try just for fun; next season sees them out in earnest. About one-fourth the boys of the school take an interest in athletic sports. What is the matter with the other three-quarters? They are slowly beginning to get the Lick spirit; soon we will see at least one-half the boys training for one sport or another. May the time soon come when every boy in Lick will take pride in being on one of the athletic teams.

Lick is a small school compared to many of our competitors. Oakland, Berkeley and Lowell far outnumber us in students. They have a larger field to pick from than we have, supposing that one-fourth are interested in athletics. To get the best results more men should turn out for the teams. If twice the number come out it should be as strong as a school twice our size.

But with all the advantages of large teams, a school is much better off with a few athletes who are true sportsmen. A fellow who can be a gentleman on the field as well as off, who can respect the rights of other contestants or opponents, who will play fair and not use dirty underhanded methods to win, who would rather lose than win unfairly, who can take his defeat man-

fully, is the man who is winning honor for himself and his alma mater.

Track

Chances for winning everything in sight, where track athletics are concerned, certainly look good for Lick this season.

Not since the famous track teams of '04 and '05 has Lick had such a formidable squad to pick from and, if the men keep up their present gaits, there is no reason why the S. F., Bay Counties and the A. A. L. field days should not come to us.

The boys have never worked harder for a victory before in the history of Lick School athletics than this time, and we may look forward to good results.

Besides Captain Golcher of last year's team, we have Crabtree, Stevens, Knox, E. Thompson, L. Thompson, Butler, Simpson, Bell, Bromley, Lodge, Bettoli, Allsopp and others. In these men, together with Klein, Sobey, Hupp, Padilla, Brown, Little and others, Lick certainly has a wealth of material from which to make a team.

Golcher and Crabtree stand out prominently among the squad, Golcher being a sprinter of no mean ability, having won the A. A. L. "classic" in 10:2 last spring. Many look for him to equal the record of 10:1 this fall.

Crabtree won the 440 in both the S. F. and A. A. L., beating a large field, and incidentally creating a new school record of 52:3. We hope to see him better his mark this fall.

When next month brings around the A. A. L., both Berkeley, Oakland and San Jose will show up strong, and the Tigers will have to go some to hold the lead, but taking it all in all, Lick's prospects for the whole season loom up exceedingly bright.

Cross-Country

The first Interscholastic Cross-Country Championship was won by us on Saturday, September 1st. The winning of this race makes Lick the cham-

pion for one year. The course lay from the Stanyan-street entrance of the Park along the South Drive to the ocean, then down the beach a half mile to the "Breakers," a distance of nearly five miles.

Padilla annexed first place in fine style, running the whole distance with a long, steady stride and finishing strong. L. Thompson was the next Tiger to finish, being about 20 yards behind Hassard, who was in turn about 20 yards behind Padilla. Brown came in eleventh; Little and Simpson, twelfth and thirteenth, respectively. The total score was 40 points, beating Lowell, our old rival, by only 3 points, a good showing for Lowell.

The other Lick boys who finished, but were not among the first five, were Kuchel and J. Thompson (big E.'s little brother). Both these boys ran a plucky race and with more experience will make valuable men. Padilla was presented with a cup and the team with medals. The cup, which goes to the school, is a handsome one of solid copper.

Football

The entry of football teams into the sub-league of the A. A. L. on this side of the bay is very small in comparison to previous years.

Some seem to think this is due to lack of interest, but the evident reason is the scarcity of material, owing to the changing of some of the most vital rules of the old intercollegiate game. It will require a very strong and quick team to successfully cope with the new rules, especially the ten-yard gain which will likely be the stumbling block for every team.

From outward appearances, our old rival, Lowell, will turn out a good team, and it is up to us to hand them the "23" sign.

Captain Merrilees says the interest shown in football this fall is not sufficient to down such strong teams as Lowell and

Berkeley will surely turn out. More men should turn out for practice and help the team along; even if they do not expect to make a position, they are making the men above them work harder. If we expect to see the big cup come back to school, more competition for places is the keynote to success.

A brief review of the candidates should prove interesting.

Captain Merilees will play center, where he has always been a tower of strength. He plays a cool, steady game, and is just the man to lead the Tigers.

For guards we have Rodda, French and Graff.

Tackles—Mitchell, Boston, Dixon and Ensign.

Ends—Gay, Stevens, Everett and Perry.

Quarter—Knox and Weber.

Halves—Butler, Sobey, Johnson and Rodgers.

Full back—Bell and Rodgers.

Manager Dearin has been lucky in securing Marius Hotchkiss to coach the team this year. Hotchkiss was captain of the victorious team of '04 and played on the '09 team at U. C. He is familiar with the players and can certainly be relied upon to turn out a winning team. It is hardly probable that a better coach could have been secured. He will teach the Dartmouth method of play as was taught him by Knibbs and Griffin at U. C. last year. Lick should certainly have a fast and snappy team.

Boys'

Basket Ball

Heretofore little interest has been taken by the boys in basket-ball, but now, as it is recognized by the A. A. L., it should be encouraged more as a school activity.

The team will be handicapped this fall in regards to practice, as the court is out of commission; this should be soon remedied, as the team can hardly exist without a court.

However, Manager McHenry is making arrangements for practice games outside with other teams.

From the present outlook, Wilmerding and Mission will be our strongest opponents, but with constant practice there is no reason why Lick should not stack up with the best of them.

Basket-ball does not require strength or weight as football, consequently more of the smaller boys should try out. If Lick should succeed in winning the sub-league, it then meets the winner of the bay-side in the final.

The following men have signed up: McHenry, Keyser, Rochester, Cuten, and Bromley and Knox of last year's team.

Swimming

From all indications, swimming will be an active branch of sport this fall.

Beside the San Francisco meet, the A. A. L. has decided to pull off a meet sometime in November.

Lick has an exceptionally strong bunch of men out for the team, and should make a strong bid for first honors.

Captain Padilla, who swims the sprints and relay, is a fast man in the water.

George Bromley, the United States Interscholastic record holder, will be our mainstay in the 100 and 220-yard dashes.

Thompson, Ditterle, Bell and Morser of last year's team can all travel some and will give Lowell and Poly a hard rub.

Besides these men, Knox, Randall, Shawhan, Percival and others will try for swimming honors.

Healdsburg Water Carnival

On August 29th, R. X. Ryan, of the California Northwestern Railway, under the guidance of H. M. Strickler of the Y. M. C. A., extended an invitation to the Lick swimmers to participate in the swimming events of the Healdsburg Carnival. The seven-thirty outgoing Tiburon on Saturday was honored by the presence of Bromley, Knox, Ditterle, Newton, Lieb, Percival, Morser, Jor-

genson, Randall, Debbs and Bell.

The smoky town of Frisco was soon a back number and attention was fastened on Tiburon in the distance. They were next passing through tunnels and small stations. There was a sudden decrease in their musical program as the train pulled into San Quentin. Looking around for the cause, it was found that two of the party had disappeared. A mile further on there was a sudden commotion in the circle and Bromley and Knox were seen slowly emerging from under a seat.

They arrived at their destination, where they were greeted by a burst of music from the town band. C. R. Keene, a committee man, met and escorted them to the Sotoyoma Hotel. On the way it was discovered that Mr. Keene had a title—Editor of the "Sotoyoma Sun." Randall immediately fell in love with him, and, after convincing him that they were expert carsmen, had no trouble in obtaining the necessary equipment for the evening parade.

After a dinner, in which training rules were kept by all except Debbs, the swimmers were conducted to the carnival waters. They there appeared in swimming suits and were announced as the swimming team of the Lick School, Champs of Frisco. Special notice was given that among them were Isaac Bromley, the champion of the world's Interscholastic 100 and 220-yard dashes, and Roscoe Ditterle, the "Kanakanaka Wonder," of 440-yard fame. One of those not announced was Willie Knox, who once read in a book how to swim. The events were as follows:

50-yard dash—Won by Bell; Randall, 2nd; Newton, 3rd.

100-yard dash—Won by Bromley, Ditterle, 2nd; Morser, 3rd.

440-yard exhibition race between Bromley and Ditterle.

High diving—Debbs and Percival.

Life-saving exhibition—Bromley and Lieb.

Last, but not least, the old-clothes race—Won by Bromley; Newton, 2nd; Jorgenson, 3rd.

Knox, who had left his book of instructions home, refused to put on a swimming suit and stationed himself in a boat, where he acted as safe-deposit vault. Just as the life-saving exhibition was announced, a sudden rush of memory brought to his mind the fact that he had in his possession ten watches and a fifty-cent piece. It made him top heavy and with a yell and a glub-glub, poor Knox fell overboard and sank from sight. He was, however, rescued and reigned the rest of the day in misery and wet clothes.

After performing their stunts, the team retired to the background and allowed the burgers to amuse them by a brilliant display of fireworks, electric lights and a boat promenade, in which they occupied two beautiful gondolas, decorated with bunting and candles.

Sunday was spent in lazily boating and swimming and four o'clock found them on the train. The team carried away with them pleasant memories, and a realization of the fact that Healdsburg is a community of hospitable people, who know how to receive and royally entertain their guests.

H. Percival, '08.

San Francisco Field Day

This turned out to be a Lick Interclass instead of an Interscholastic. The latest reports show Lick at sixty or seventy-nine, and the nearest competitor about 23.

Girls' Athletics

Girls' Rally

A rally was held on the 27th of August for the purpose of getting the freshie girls interested in athletics. Miss Southwick, Miss Otto, Miss Bridgman and Miss Adams, all members of the faculty, gave talks on athletics in general. Miss Southwick, Miss Otto and

Miss Bridgman suggested new games to be played on the court—"Captain Ball," "Volley" and old-time game of handball. Miss Otto suggested an outing club.

One of the girls suggested a Glee Club, which suggestion is about to be acted upon and we hope for its success.

Girls'

Basket-Ball

The girls are extremely anxious for the court to be cleared off and put in order, so that practice may begin. There are quite a number of players who intend to try for the team. There are eight players of last year's team who intend to come out this year and also quite a number of freshies who are anxious to learn the game.

Miss Southwick has kindly offered her services as coach again this year and after a month or so of practice they expect to have a good team.

Girls'

Swimming

Plans were made for a swimming club just before the car strike. The car strike broke up the plans considerably, of course, and since the difficulty of transportation has been overcome we hope to make complete arrangements for the club.

Miss Otto and Miss Menzel both are to act as chaperones when the club gets fairly on its feet again. The girls will get quite a bit of enjoyment out of the club and we hope to see it started as soon as arrangements can be made.

Girls'

Tennis

As the basket-ball court has not been in good order since the earthquake, no definite plans have been made by the girls in regard to the tennis teams. But the court will be put in order very soon and we hope to see the girls enjoying themselves at tennis during the noon hour or after school. A net is the only thing they need, and they expect to get one when the grounds are in good condition.

“PAGE 23”

Essay on Stump Speaking.

There are three kinds of speeches—rally speeches, plain rally speeches and extra plain rally speeches. This essay deals with the last named variety.

The procecdure is as follows:

a—The rally chairman calls for a speech.

b—Every one calls for a speech.

c—The victim vainly tries to say nay.

d—The victim's coat is then ripped—his collar is torn off—his hair is pulled and he is escorted up the stairs to the bench.

e—The chairman of the rally beams upon him and exclaims: “Big Brackity Axe.”

f—Verbal heiroglyphics fired at random by the crowd.

g—Speaker looks calm and dignified—recites first two lines of that stirring poem, “A fly and a flea in a flue;” suddenly stops, looks wildly about, and makes a dive for the stair-case post, fondly embracing it, proceeds to (*h*).

h—“H” stands for quite a place, but not in this case. “H” here refers to the next step in a rally speech. As we were about to remark, the speaker exhibits a bunch of tickets, recites another lyric and stumbles down stairs amid vast applause.

As there doesn't ought to be one, no how, we omit the conclusion.

For Freshmen Exclusively.

I.

The circus has come to town to-day,
Oh! Hurrah for the kangaroo!
The elephants brought their trunks along
To lend to the rest of the zoo.

II.

There are horses that add and multiply,
There are dogs that laugh and dance and
cry,
There are monkeys that act just as you or
I,
And forty clowns with each other vie.

III.

Now, Salvo, the bravest man they have,
Each day makes a trip to the moon,
And you begin to think he will never re-
turn
If he doesn't come down pretty soon.

IV.

There are maidens leaping through hoops
of fire,
There are acrobats climbing higher and
higher,
There are chariot races and numerous
things
To keep your eyes glued to the three big
rings.

V.

So, Freshies, come, for the circens is here.
The price is a dollar but that is not dear.
And, then, of course, you always drink
—water,
So save up your money and give it a cheer.

Ethel A. Atkinson, '08.

Ladies' Aid Notes.

One of the new societies of the school is a club called the "Queeners." It has a very large membership for a new organization.

Mr. George Acton was unanimously elected President, and Heine Guerrin received a small majority over McHenry for Vice-President. The other officers are Rochester, Secretary, and Shawhan, Treasurer.

The society is very popular with the girls, owing to the faithful work performed by Coach Walker, who spends all his time in the interests of the society.

For Book Lovers.

The Spoilers—April 18, 1906.

The Slandercers—The faculty, when papa calls.

The House of Mirth—Mechanical Drawing Room.

Double Trouble—Cinched out in two courses.

The Fortune Hunter—Manager of the Tiger.

Applied Mechanics—When father used his slipper.

Visitor in Healdsburg—"It's—hie—strange, but this—hie—knife has got two—hie—corkscrews!"

Sweet—"Say, fellows, what is an ex post facto law?"

Nickels—"How do you suppose I know? I took all that last year."

A new motto for Russia:

"Peace is Hell!"

Jama in Four Drams.

Characters—There are only a few, so we won't mention them here.

Scene—C. S. M. A.

Time—Any old time but Saturday or Sunday.

ACT I.

First Freshie—Say, gutcher histry?

Second Ditto—Naw, gutchurn?

F. F.—Nope.

S. D.—Say, tell you wut!

F. F.—Wut?

S. D.—Les gwuppen gitta pie!

F. F.—Awrite!

Curtain.

ACT II.

First Soph.—Hullo.

Second Ditto—Hullo. Say, Jew getcher Kemstry?

F. S.—Naw, jew?

S. D.—Aw, howjer doot?

F. S.—Wanna no?

S. D.—Yeh! Say, less gwuppen gitta pie!

F. S.—Thassa lot better!

S. D.—Well, kum on!

Curtain.

ACT III.

Junior—Whee! I'm ont'the Dutch!

Another—Yar!

J.—M-m-m. Want it?

A.—Sure. Is it right?

J.—Say, watchu givin us? Korsits rite!

A.—Aw rite. Have a pie?

J.—Korse! Your treat!

Curtain.

ACT IV.

Senior—Hadda pie, old socks?

Another—Kant. I'm trainin.

S.—Aw! Git in your locker! Cum on!

A.—Whudjew say about pies?

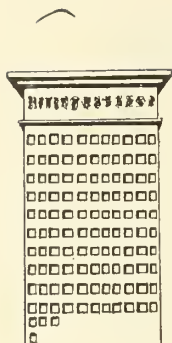
S.—Sed wontcher eatum?

A.—Yep.

S.—Well, say so right away then. Cum on. Less gwuppen gittum!

A.—Aw rite.

Curtain.



"You are not the only one to get up in the world," remarked the sky-scraper to the balloon.

Freshman Thompson—"Do you know my brother?"

Senior—"Sure; we sleep in the same classes."

"Ah, well!" sighed the lady-killer, "it is a mere matter of form." Whereupon he fastened on an extra bustle.

He—"I hear that an addition of 50,000 years has been allotted to the life of this earth by scientists."

She—"Yes, a little more time to complete the Wilmerding School."

Knock—"S-say, is a monkey-cage an apiary?"

"Yes, sir," remarked the spider, "when my house is fixed, I'm going to use fly-paper on the walls."

Evening Scene in English Room

The blinds are down, the transoms are closed. Turbulent little trochees float furiously about or gather in glimmering globules under the chalk-trays. Impudent young ink-wells stir up conversations with Speneerian Stanzas. Ethereal Dictionaries facetiously flit from desk to desk, satirically demanding apologies from the slowly settling dust.

The ghosts walk. They walk silently, as if eumulous clouds of quarrelsome

qualms of conscience were about to rise up and recite those stirring words. "Hally Loolyer, we're bums," but nay, all is still. All is still.

"No, my son," said Pa Padilla, "George Washington was never in the insurance business."

"There are a great many ups and downs to this business," remarked Rodda, as he fastened on his skates.

Something strong in a business way—with millions in it—one of Lanzendorf's cheese sandwiches.

A Jama in One Dram.

Time—Between 9 A. M. and 4:20 P. M.

Setting—Mechanical Drawing Room.

Characters—Heavy comedian, chorus, T-squares, etc.

I.

Enter chorus, trading thumb-tacks for erasers, followed by the Leading Heavy.

L. H.—"We have here a point in——"

Boiler Works (behind scenes)—"Bang! Bang! Bang! W-h-h-hing-g-g! Bang! BANG!"

L. H.—"—a point in space, which is——"

Cornice Works—"Chug-Brr-r-Chug, Choo-oo-oo-CHUG!"

L. H.—"——which is projected by a ——"

Brass Foundry—"Crrrr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-rug!"

L. H.—"——by a vertical, imaginary ——"

Air Compressors—"Bush-ugh-Bush ugh-Wah! Wah! Wah!"

L. H.—"Put up your boards, now, boys. We will finish the problem next——"

Chorus:

Boiler Makers—

Cornice Works—

Brass Foundry—

Air Compressors—

} "BANG!"
(Curtain.)



Teacher of Deutsch—"Decline 'mouse'!"
(Aside) "Now I'll catch them!"

Essay on Cans.

WE FEEL it proper and beg to announce that it would be fitting and honorable to provide a suitable memorial to the man who first invented that gratifying and pleasing pastime, viz., the quenching of a deep-died thirst.

* * *

WE FEEL that our kind, loving and esteemed principal, Mr. Geo. A. Merrill, believes in drinking water—*pure* water. Never should we so demean ourselves as to capture in small numbers that detestable bird of prey, a swallow of Spring Valley.

* * *

WE FEEL that this school, the Lick School, the California School of Mechanical Arts, is unique in many respects, one in particular. We are requested at this institution to ride, with never failing pride, that admirable vehicle, the water-wagon. Here we may cavort about on that estimable means of locomotion, yet with a free and easy mind, "rush the can."

* * *

WE FEEL, and in fact were on the point of issuing an earnest appeal for a suitable signal of "Danger!" to be placed on or near the cover of each can. Thus we would thereby shoo away unsuspecting Freshmen, who, in the pursuit of knowledge, might lift the cover and fall in. To be sure we would not grieve so *very* long about the Freshie, but it might spoil the water.

Our Feelings.

Some folks say it's frightful,
 But we think it is delightful,
 This rushing of the can!
 It's a joke—and it's jolly,
 It's a lark—though it's folly,
 This rushing of the can!

Pleasures of the Strike.

I.

Little wagon,
 Room for four,
 Twenty crowd in—
 Room for more!

II.

Six and driver
 Up in front,
 Try to hold on—
 Quite a stunt!

III.

Now we're started
 With a cheer;
 Yells arising
 From the rear.

IV.

Just get seated
 Pretty well;
 Bump!—it's over,—
 'Nother yell!

V.

Almost over,
 School in sight;
 Fares are paid,
 And girls alight.

VI.

No more bumping,
 No more hike;
 Let us all hope
 No more strike!

Ruth M. Reynolds, '08.

True, we haven't been much bothered with mosquitoes and locusts this summer, but we have been afflicted with a worse pest, the high-school graduate with his mop-head and monkey cap and pants rolled up to show his spotted socks. It keeps us dodging all the time to keep from stepping on the pesky things.

The Blue Devil.

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or

Five Peeps Into a Packing House.

Little bits of dried up meat,
And great big hunks of gristle,
Make such delicious Canned Corned Beef!
Now wouldn't that make you whistle?

As to hams and bacon,
From our much admired hog,
We hold excellent proof,
That it's only stray dog.

When those devils devil deviled-ham,
They mix in this, they mix in that!
Buttons, nails, old rags and junk,
Ox-flesh, cow, no pig!—but rat!

Yes, it is really hogs-head
In their indigestible head-cheese,
But the kind that are wooden,
Yes, bound with iron,
And hold 23 gals. at a squeeze.

Salt-pork?
You've heard of it of course,
Well, it's nothing more,
Than underfed salt-horse.

Yes?—But—

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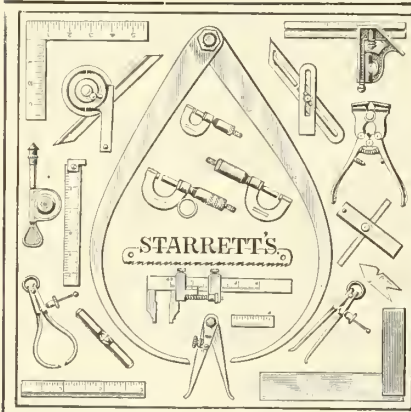
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Ode to Us.

Naughty, naughty in the school,
He did bust the class-room rule;
To the office he goes—nit!
Sneaks down stairs to think a bit.

All that night he begs the Lord
To keep his name from off the board.
The very next day, he groans to see,
"The following report to me——"

With trembling steps and heart of lead,
He bends his sorrowing young head;
To the office he must go,
"Leave of Absence"—week or so.
Edw. Everett, '08.

Ode on Spring.

Monday—Hired.
Tuesday—Tired.
Wednesday—Fired!

Ode to Cooks.

Embodying alliteration, assonance, vowel sounds and change in meter.

I.

Hear the shrill dismissal whistle!
Hear the frizzle of a steak!
Cut and stir it with a chisel,
As the teachers' lunch you make.

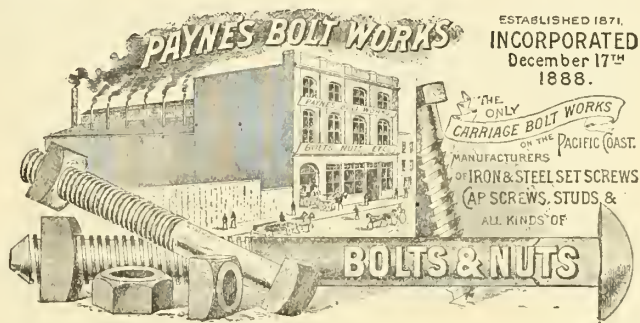
II.

It's a grand old steak,
And a great mistake,
This hunk o' good old cow!
It is darned tough stuff,
And a great big bluff,
To call it aught but beef chow-chow!

"Well," remarked McDonald, "a fellow must be a good guesser to use a slide-rule accurately."

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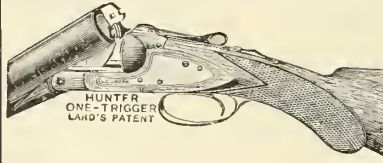
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Jumpin'-Jacks and Sassafrass!

And when as you are sitting

The "Thumb Tack" you don't miss,
Of course it isn't nice to yell,

this.

But you jump up

like

When that night I went to bed,

I never dreamed of things amiss,
But when I woke up the 18th,

Things

were

shaking

just

like

this!

The Day is Done.

The day is done, and the whistle

Sounds its welcome tone,

We take our books and satchels

And start on the sad journey home.

I see, not the lights of the street cars

Gleam through the fog and mist,

And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,

That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing,

Because there is no car

To take me home to my mansion

Many a mile afar.

Come, read to me an "Ultra!"

On whose headlines it will say

"Cars will be running to-morrow,

The strikers will get more pay."

Edu. Everett, '08.

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Physician—"Young man, what you need is a hair cut!"

Visitor—"Has that student gone crazy?"

Part of Reception Committee—"Naw! He just sat on a thumb-tack."

Monday—Miss C. to Cooking Class—"Girls, get busy, gather up all the stray scraps and objects around the room and on the floor. To-day's lesson will be the preparation of 'hash.' There are various kinds of hash, girls, plain hash, restaurant hash, boarding-house hash, hash de hote, hash family style, fish hash, and chop suey. Hash, as you know, may be made from any old thing; in this way leavings and refuse which would otherwise find their way into the ashean, may be chopped up or 'hashed'

into a most delicious dish. Make your hash, girls."

Tuesday—Miss C.—"Yesterday's hash was quite a success. To-day, girls, we will re-hash yesterday's hash, hashing hash or re-hashing hashed hash greatly improves the flavor and texture and also tends to disguise the ingredients."

Wednesday—Miss C.—"Girls! Girls! stop this giggling, te-heeing and smiling out-loud immediately. You act as though there was a gentleman in the room; go right to work on your hash. Yes, it may be slightly dry, having stood over night; I'll send over to the shops and get a few hammers and chissels. I think re-hashing our yesterday's re-hashed hashed hash will no more than spoil the tools. Go right to hashing, girls! Hash your re-hashed hashed hashed hash."

Thursday—Miss C.—"I found on arriving this morning that our re-hashed hashed hashed hash could not be readily re-

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hashed by our hashers in the hash-bowls. So in the last period I had several cakes of the re-hashed hashing of the re-hashed hashed hash taken to the blacksmith shop and put under the steam hammer. The result was gratifying in the extreme, only causing a slight damage to the steam knocker. I have most of the—???—in this bucket; there may be a few pieces of coal and some iron amongst the—???—that's all right, girls. Go to work, girls! Hash or re-hash your hashed re-hashed hashing of the previous hashed re-hashed, re-hashed hashed hash."

Friday (fish day)—Miss C.—"I'm real sorry, girls, but yesterday's hashing of your re-hashed re-hashed re-hashed hashed hashed hash is about all the hashing hash previously hashed and hashed from a hash-

ing of hashed re-hashed re-hashed hashed hash will stand; so I had it melted at the foundry into a hashing of hashed hash, re-hashed, re-hashed hashed hashed hash, which was a hashing of hashed hash being hashing of a re-hashed hashing of re-hashed re-hashed hashed hash, which was a hashed up hashed up hashing of a re-hashed hashing of a hashed re-hashed hashed hash, hashed. We've only got back as far as Thursday in our review, girls, so I'll repeat Wednesday. As you know, we hashed and hashed and hashed hash, which was a——"

Here the poor lady fainted—nothing serious, however.

Let us hope that none of these hashers of hash will ever hash hash for us male members.



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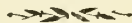
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